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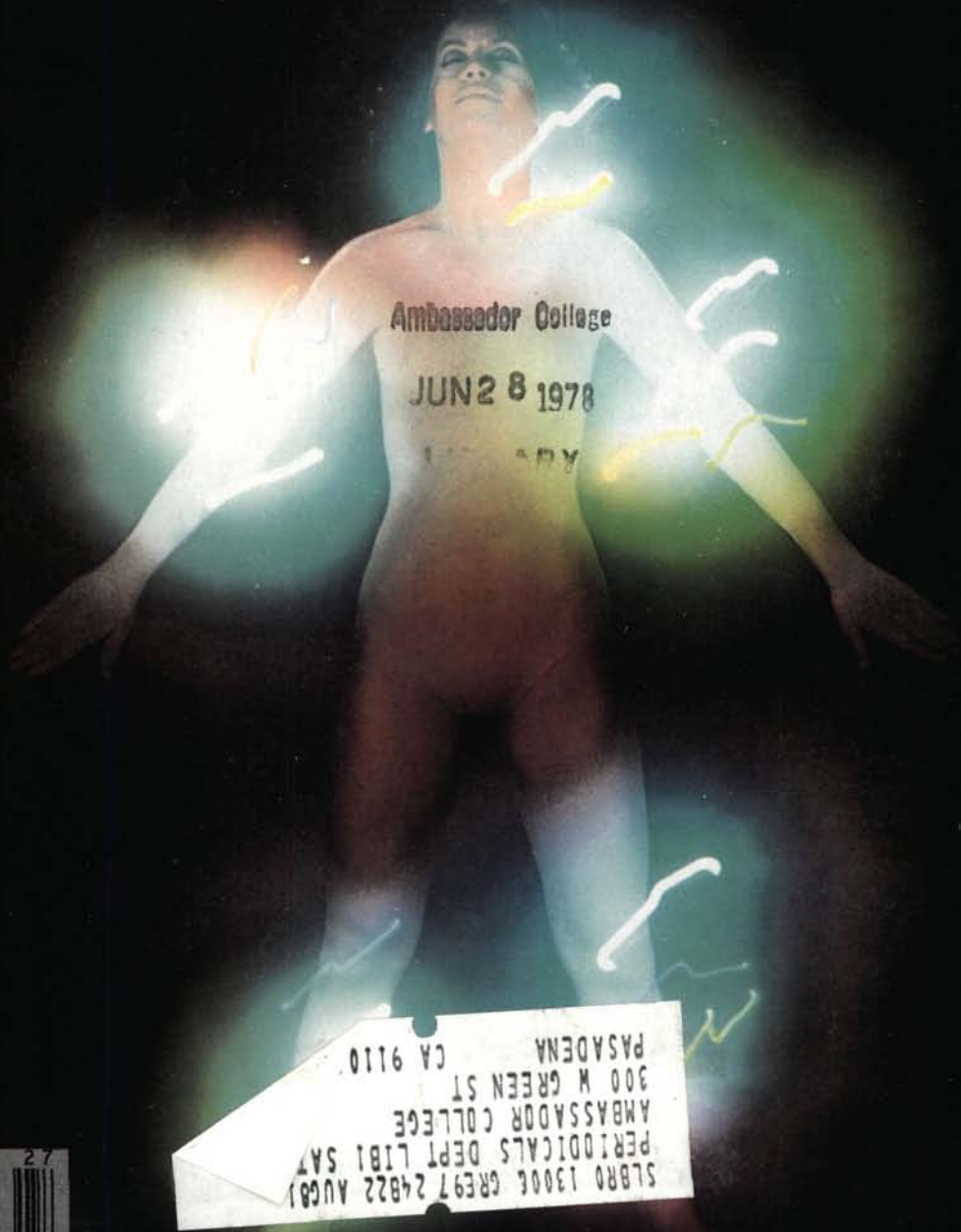
Saturday Review

THE MIRACLE OF REGENERATION

Can Human Limbs Grow Back?



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Simulated situation based on actual incident.

"THANK GOD AND THANK VOLKSWAGEN."

And we thank Brian Regrut for writing us the following letter about his Dasher.

Gentlemen:

Please pass along my thanks for your negative steering axis (or whatever it is called) to your engineers back in Germany. It helped keep me out of big, big trouble.

Many West Virginia roads, particularly those in the southern part of the state are bad. Unfortunately, I have to travel these roads during the course of my business.

Fortunately, I occasionally drive the mountains in my Dasher. (I usually drive a big company car.) The Dasher's size affords me the luxury of staying on the road when a coal truck passes in the other direction. And in the Dasher, I've always been able to dodge pot holes without spinning out of control, and to traverse the roads in bad weather with assurance.

Traveling home recently on these bad roads, the sidewall of my left front tire blew out while I was driving at about 50 miles an hour. Faced with on-coming traffic on the left and a steep drop off the pavement on the right (40 feet down through the trees to the river), I braced for the worst. It never came. In fact I had little trouble maintaining control as I slowed to about 10 miles an hour and drove for about a quarter mile to a tiny spot where I could get most of the car off the road.

Finally, I was back on the road, thanking God that He was with me during the emergency, and thanking Volkswagen for designing a front end that helped me stay on the road.

With warm thanks,

Brian Regrut

VOLKSWAGEN DOES IT AGAIN

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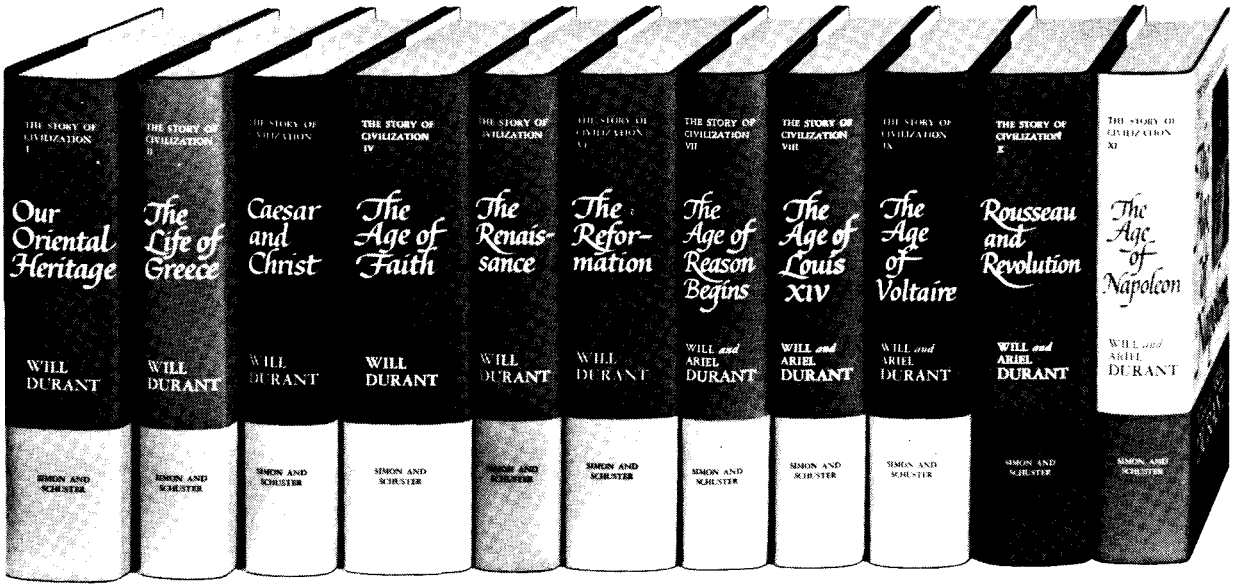

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Business and the rational mind

The national guilt complex • Achievement or original sin • Production vs. atonement

Judging by some of what we read and hear, self-flagellation seems about to become the order of the day. Much of whatever Americans do or achieve or enjoy is termed immoral or otherwise indefensible, and what people in other countries do is hailed as the shape of the future, morally speaking.

Well, now.

A lot of this national guilt complex depends on how things are put.

Suppose, for example, we ask you, "Do you think it's right for the United States, with only 5% of the world's population, to consume 28% of its energy?" That might be your cue to beat your breast and cry, "Heavens to Betsy, no! How could we do such a thing? And how can we atone?"

Suppose, however, we rephrase that question and ask you, "Isn't it remarkable that the United States, with only a twentieth of the world's population, can produce a fourth of the entire world's goods and services? And that we have become the industrial and agricultural breadbasket of the world... a prime purveyor to the hungry and the needy abroad?"

"Gee," you might say. "Just shows you what the old Yankee ingenuity, along with hard work and clean living, can do."

We can stomach breast-beating or a hair-shirt demonstration, if that's what gives the other fellow his kicks. But the point we want to make is that nobody in this country has to beat himself over the head just because he's adequately fed and clothed. Mankind has always striven for a land flowing with milk and honey, not a land short of necessities and barren of luxuries, long on deprivation and longer on austerity.

This is not a plea for devil-may-care hedonism. On the contrary, we are trying to make two points:

(1) Gratuitous martyrdom is an exercise in futility.

(2) When someone tries to make you feel guilty because our country has achieved to a considerable degree what all countries strive for, don't leap to the bait. Remember, it's possible to state even the most positive accomplishments in a way that makes them sound like original sin.

We get the distinct impression that most of the people who berate this country for its productivity are themselves quite well fed, well clothed, well housed, and, possibly as a result, feeling guilty. We cannot believe that Americans can solve, or even alleviate, the problems of this country and the rest of the world through starvation diets or by sleeping on a bed of nails. A refrigerator or a loaf of bread or a pair of shoes not bought and used in the United States is not automatically going to end up in some less-developed country.

The point is that our country is so productive, despite all the roadblocks thrown up by government and others, that it can turn out an almost unbelievable volume of goods—enough to supply the domestic market and still have a lot left over to export. If you want more U.S. money and food and other goods sent to needy peoples abroad, fine; tell your Senators and your Congressman so. But don't feel guilty about living well if you already do, or about wanting to if you don't.

We are not trying to promote gluttony or even conspicuous consumption. We are trying to deflate what strikes us as nonsense. Life is short, and people who work hard and productively shouldn't reproach themselves over their rewards, especially since producing for plenty makes society a lot more comfortable than sharing unnecessary shortage. To some people pleasure may be a little sinful, but if there were no sin in the world, what would be the benchmark for virtue?

Mark Twain once commented that on the basis of the information reaching him, his choice would be heaven for climate and hell for good conversation. Maybe he had something there.

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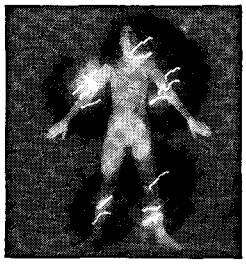

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LETTERS

On Pseudoscience and Pseudoscientists

James S. Trefil's restaurant-guide classification of unorthodox pseudoscientific ideas ["A Consumer's Guide to Pseudoscience," April 29] is based solely on his qualifications as an expert; yet not a word is provided about research he has done that would support his contentions.

He awards one star (scientifically inedible) to the notions of metal bending and remote reading "a la Uri Geller." Nowhere does he refer to the brilliant experiments of Professor John Hasted, head of the physics department at London University's Birkbeck College, with some dozen metal-bending English children or to the years long remote-viewing research performed by physicists Harold Puthoff and Russell Targ at the Stanford Research Institute, in California. The solid data amassed by all three was presented at the Frontiers of Physics Conference, held in Reykjavik, Iceland, in November 1977, where it was accepted as valid by theoretical physicists of the stature of Olivier Costa de Beauregard, of Paris's Institut Henri Poincaré, who offered possible explanations for both sets of phenomena in terms of the quantum-mechanics theory. Perhaps Trefil should sample his scientific-literary menu more carefully before cloaking himself in the mantle of the Duncan Hines of physics research.

Christopher Bird
Washington, D.C.

James S. Trefil's article flunks the first requirement of scientific discussion: He has not represented fairly and apparently has not even taken the trouble to understand the views of those with whom he disagrees.

He rates belief in the existence of "extraterrestrial intelligence," along with the efforts to communicate with it, as a "respectable frontier position" but ridicules Erich von Daniken for holding that communication initiated by extraterrestrial hands has actually occurred. Von Daniken's conclusions are dubious, but they deserve less scorn.

More serious is the case of Immanuel Velikovsky. Trefil is apparently unaware that in addition to *Worlds in Collision*, Velikovsky has written a number of other books in which strictly scientific evidence is marshaled in support of the proposition that the earth has from time to time experienced catastrophes of such dimensions as to render extraterrestrial causes a possible, or even a plausible, explanation.

Trefil's view of "reputable" science as a kind of sieve that determines which ideas move from the "fringe" to the "frontier" and into the "core" is uncomfortably reminiscent of early theology. The penalties for heterodoxy are not wholly dissimilar. *The Velikovsky Affair*, an enlightening and devastating symposium edited by Alfred de Grazia, has shown how the "reputable" scientific establishment tried to silence Velikovsky and prevent the publication of *Worlds in Collision*. It is not a pretty story.

Professor Harold C. Hinton
George Washington University
Washington, D.C.

James S. Trefil replies: First let me say that I did not attempt to hide behind my scientific credentials. The mini-guide was labeled "Highly Personal," which indicates that it represents my own judgment about the various topics covered. The article was meant to be a do-it-yourself guide that could be used by readers without scientific training to evaluate pseudoscientific writings.

Professor Hinton feels that there is an inconsistency in my giving attempts to communicate with extraterrestrial intelligence a high ranking while giving *Chariots of the Gods* a low one. I have to point out that while he may be able to contact life on Alpha Centauri, it will be a long time before we actually go there. You can't prove that earth hasn't been visited in the past by extraterrestrials since that would require knowing what has happened at every spot on the earth since the beginning of time. Von Daniken's argument did nothing to convince me that this sort of event has occurred.

As far as Bird's various metal bendings are concerned, I will stick to my guns. No matter what theoretical scientist Costa de Beauregard "suggests" to explain the phenomenon, I will believe there is something to be explained only when the tricks are done in front of a skeptical stage magician. It is my understanding that the great Randi has offered a substantial cash prize to anyone who can bend metal (or whatever) in his presence. I suggest that Bird contact him and turn a quick profit.

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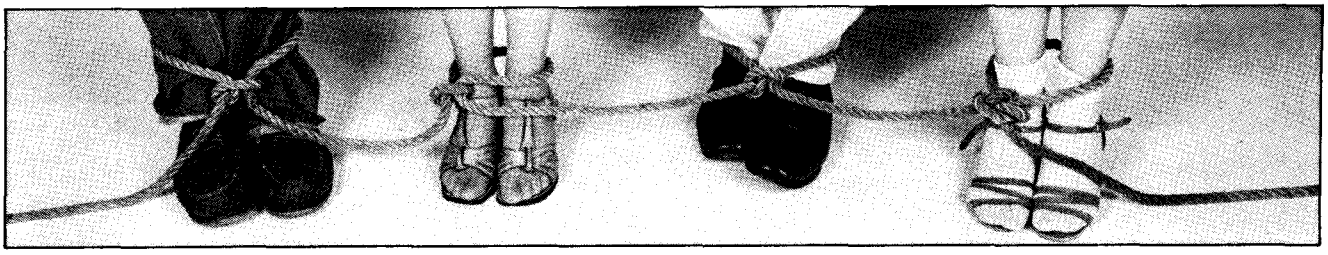
FRONT RUNNERS

John Milisenda



Unsettling News

You know about the disgraceful roundup and detention of 110,000 West Coast Japanese-Americans during World War II. But did you know about the often deplorable treatment of "enemy aliens" stranded in this country when the war broke out? This little publicized episode is recalled by Jerre Mangione—writer, university professor, and wartime Justice Department official—in his lively book of memoirs, *An Ethnic at Large* (Putnam's, $12.50).

After Pearl Harbor, President Roosevelt was, it seems, all for sequestering most of the country's million or so enemy nationals. "I don't care so much about the Italians," Mangione quotes FDR as saying. "They are a lot of opera singers. But the Germans are different. They may be dangerous."

Cooler counsel prevailed however, and selective internment of about 10,000 possibly dangerous aliens got under way. Mangione came to know the internment scene well because the government sent him on inspection tours of the 16 detention camps, in western and southwestern states.

Mangione found the criteria for selection of detainees often shockingly loose and capricious: One Italian-American, who had settled here but was not yet a citizen, was summarily busted for having written to FDR, pre-Pearl Harbor, saying, "Since Italy is my mother and the United States my father, I don't want to see my parents fighting." In other cases, staunch anti-Fascist refugees were hauled in right along with virulent pro-Nazis.

Most shocking of all, Mangione reports, was our policy of getting South American countries to arrest and ship off to the U.S. whichever of their resident Axis nationals we fingered as being dangerous. Firmly escorted onto American soil, these aliens were immediately charged—Catch-22 style—with having entered the U.S. illegally and were routed to the camps.

Ironically, Mangione recalls being told by camp commanders—though official records today contain no mention of the fact—that many of the Axis nationals rounded up in Latin America at our request had sidestepped deportation to the U.S. simply by hiring local peasants to stand in for them and get shipped off to the U.S. camps in their place.

Oh, to Be in England...

On a recent visit to London, an American couple found that much had changed, not always for the better, but that England was still... England.

Luxuriating over their breakfast kippers, the couple were particularly reassured by a letter to *The Times* that began, "Sir, As one whose left (and writing) hand still smarts from a bite administered by a hunt saboteur at the closing meet of the Christ Church Beagles..." and ended, "I am, Sir, your obedient servant, John Brisby."

It transpired that animal lovers had been expressing their dislike of fox hunting by spraying "antimate" (a sex repellent) on the hounds, and on occasion, it would seem, by biting the hand that urged the hounds on.

A more law-abiding sort of resistance was meanwhile being carried on by the Campaign for Real Ale (CAMRA). Rising up against the technological progress that has nearly eliminated barley malt, hops, and barrel aging from the brewing process, CAMRA has been publishing a "Real Beer Guide" that lists pubs where "a pint of the usual" means the *old* usual. Even the big brewers have been impelled to revive some traditional "real" beers, and nearly one third of Britain's 66,000 pubs can now offer the true brew.

Yet another victory over "progress" was the collapse of Spillers, one of Britain's big three producers of factory-made bread. "One down and two to go," a fan wrote about the Spillers closedown in a letter to Elizabeth David, author of the new best seller *English Bread and Yeast Cookery* and a valiant critic of the industrial loaf. To the delight of British bread fanciers, *The Times* recently visited a family bakeshop in Leather Lane that has been making real crusty bread for more than a century and is doing well, thank you.

Such Sweet Thunder

All hail the Vivatron bomb, which annihilates office buildings, asphalt paving, and such but which mercifully spares people, plants, and other living, bruisable things. Unlike its sinister polar opposite, the neutron bomb—which kills people and spares buildings—the Vivatron is not yet even on the drawing board. But the San Francisco Ecology Center likes the idea so much, reports *Fellowship* magazine, that the center's members are offering $50,000 to anyone who can come up with a working model of the Vivatron. "We feel," says Marc Kasky, spokesman for the center, "that should a war become an unavoidable necessity, we want to have the most basic and essential components left with which to reconstruct society." So far, no takers for the $50,000 prize, but we'll keep you posted.

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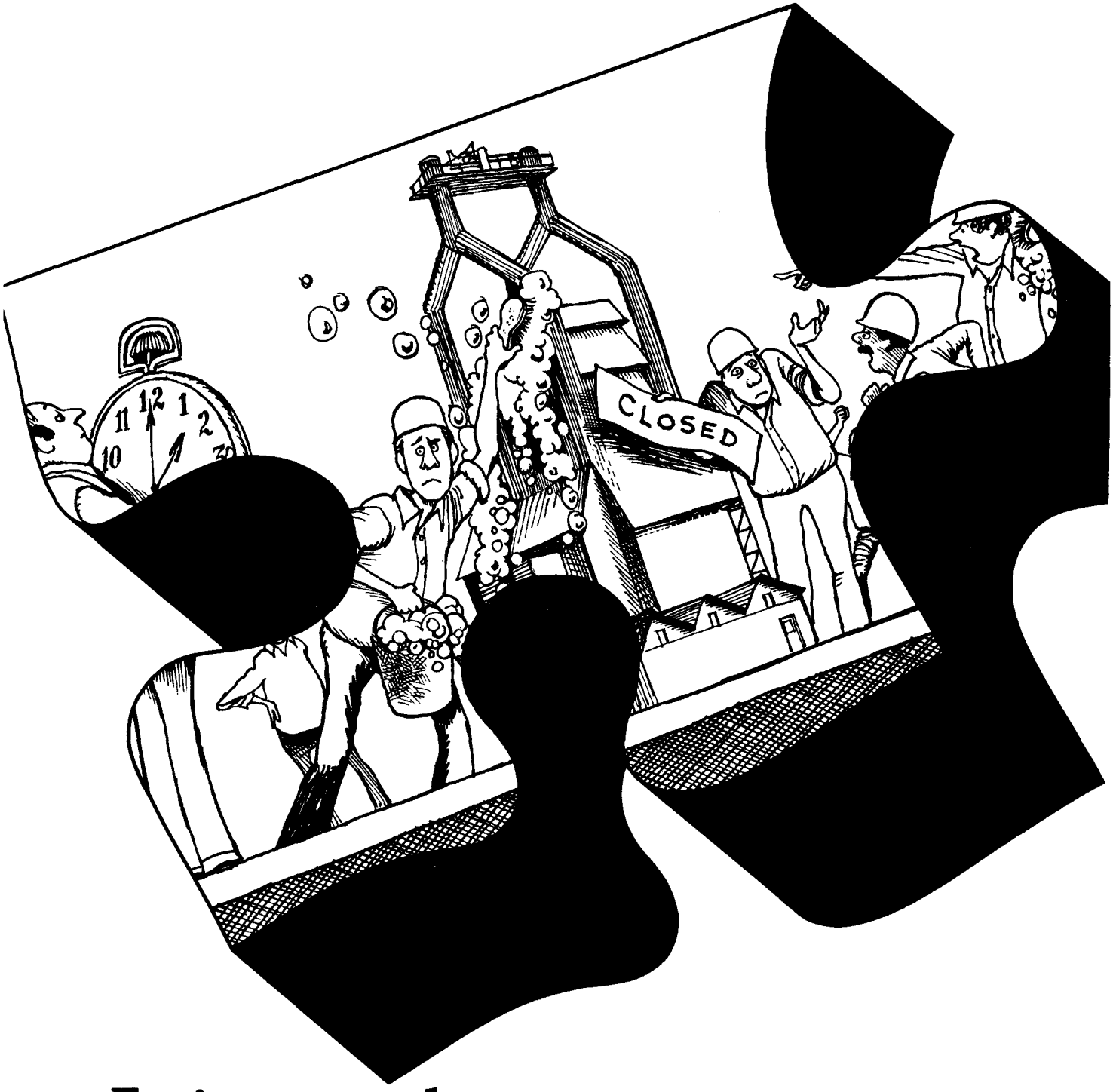
Less rigid environmenta save steelworker jobs.. environmental goals



Environmental common sense:
part of the solution to the steel industry puzzle.

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nandates can vithout forsaking

The job of controlling air and water pollution in the steel industry is a tough one. And the costs are inordinately high.

So far, Bethlehem has spent about $550 million for hardware to clean up pollutants from the air and water we use. In addition, it costs us about $75 million a year to operate and maintain these control facilities, including the cost of valuable energy.

We're proud of what we have accomplished. Today we have in place or in progress facilities and plans designed to effectively control the major sources of pollution at our operations.

But federal and state governments want us to do more.

The road gets rockier—and costlier

In order to comply with existing regulations, it is estimated that Bethlehem must spend about $500 million *more* for environmental control. Grand total: more than *$1 billion.* Our operating and maintenance costs will also increase as more control facilities are installed and as energy costs rise. *We have no clear estimate of what the ultimate tab will be. Nor does anyone else.*

Based on the scientific data available, we question the stringency of many of the mandates we currently face. In some cases, proven technology does not exist to do the job. It takes time and money to develop control mechanisms that will be effective. In other cases, it is simply not feasible to do what needs to be done to meet the required deadlines.

Jobs are at stake

Bethlehem is now spending 25% of its capital funds for environmental controls. During the next five years, we expect this will increase to about 30%. Such capital investments do *not* produce income, but *do* increase the cost of making steel.

Expenditures like these erode the dollars we need to improve production facilities and provide job opportunities.

We are not crying "wolf"

Last year Bethlehem shut down certain facilities at our Johnstown and Lackawanna plants and laid off thousands of employees. That action was painful but necessary. Continued efforts to restore the profitability of these operations could not be justified—not when we included the huge expenditures for pollution controls that would have been required to continue operation of those facilities.

Action needed now

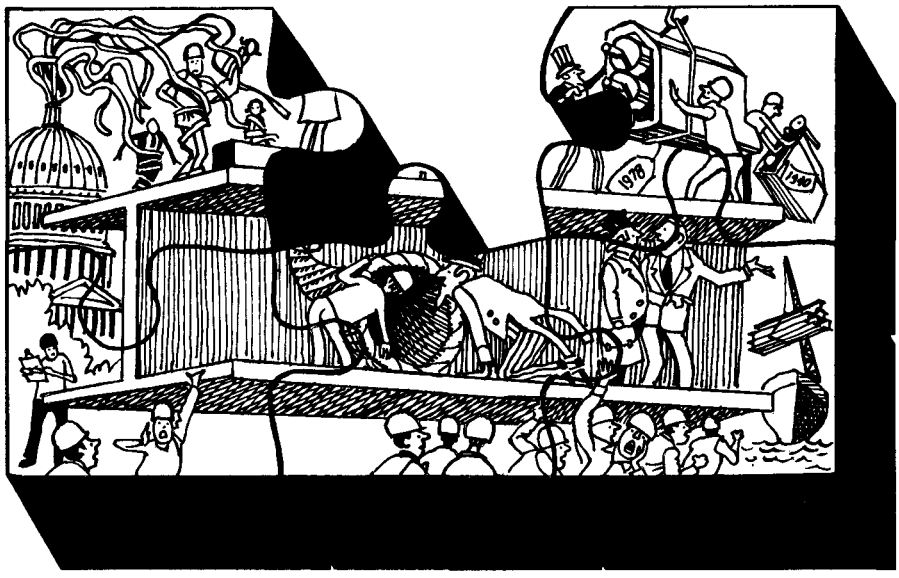
We support our nation's goals for clean air and water. And we endorse the recommendation of President Carter's Inter-Agency Task Force on Steel that calls for a review of EPA standards and regulations to provide more flexibility and to reduce barriers to steel industry modernization.

We also support the following: (1) rational enforcement of environmental laws and regulations; (2) greater flexibility in compliance timetables; (3) accurate determination of significant sources of pollution, their effect on public health, and the most cost-effective control techniques; (4) amortization of expenditures for pollution control facilities, including buildings, over any period selected by the taxpayer, including immediate write-off in the year the funds are expended.

Make your views known where they count

We believe a more reasonable balance between jobs and environmental cleanup is urgently needed. If you agree, tell that to your representatives in Washington and your state capital.

Bethlehem Steel Corporation, Bethlehem, PA 18016.



Bethlehem BETHLEHEM STEEL

In search of solutions.

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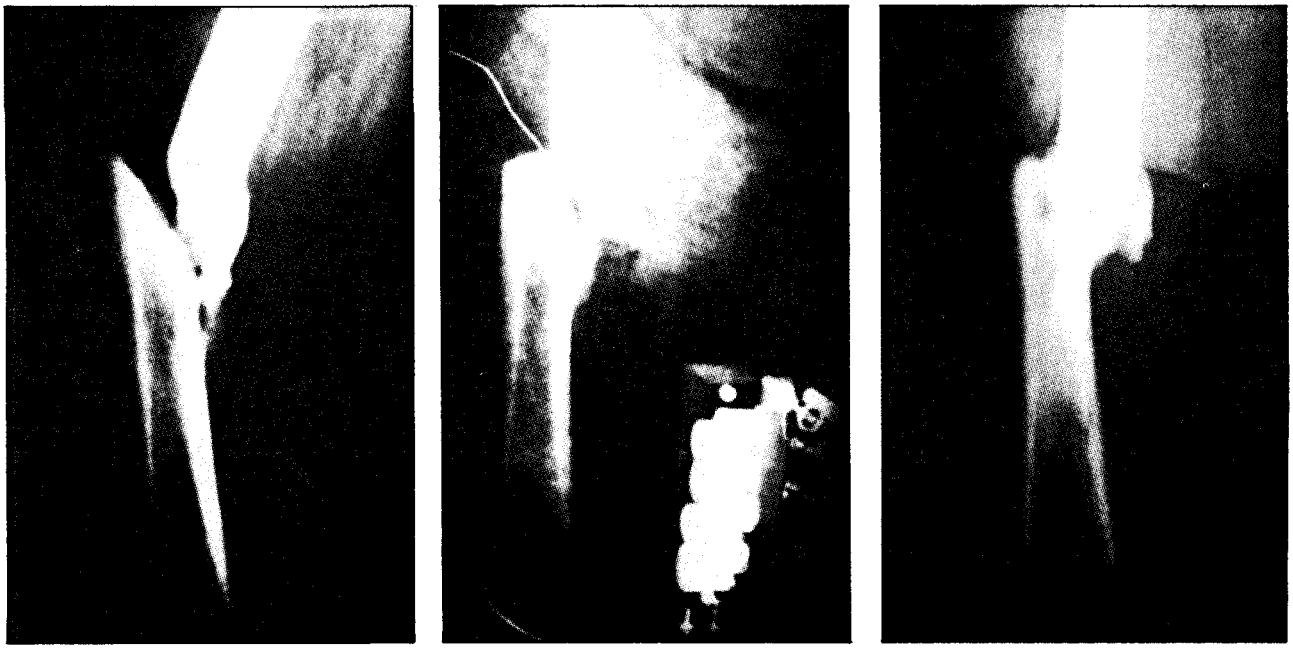
The Miracle of Regeneration: Can Human Limbs Grow Back?

by Susan Schiefelbein



A man's unhealed thigh fracture mended in about six months when administered a steady electrical charge.

PHYSICIANS may one day treat patients who have shattered limbs, crippled joints, and injured spines in a way that man never before dared to dream of: regrowing the damaged part—whole, perfect, and undiseased.

For centuries, man has watched in wonder as the salamander regenerated its severed limbs, never imagining that complicated human parts could grow back in such a way. The halt and the lame could be made whole, it seemed, only by the healing waters of Bethesda or the touch of a god incarnate. But in recent years, scientists have grown back a frog's leg from elbow to toes and a rat's leg from shoulder to the top half of the elbow—with cartilage and bone, muscle, nerves, and veins, all in awesome anatomical precision. One of the pioneers in the field, Dr. Robert Becker—chief of orthopedic surgery at the Veterans Administration Hospital in Syracuse, New York—has already applied the newly found healing mechanism to broken human bones, successfully knitting fractures that previously had failed to heal even after extensive surgical procedures. He and his colleagues have now reached the point where they can confidently predict that regeneration of human parts can and will be achieved, possibly in the next few decades.

A brave new world? Not a bit. The magic of regeneration has been with us all along, hidden in the wondrous complexity of every organism's bodyworks. These scientists are not performing miracles; they are witnessing them.

Their challenge, then, has been not so much to re-create a limb as to discover *how* some animals do so naturally. The chronicle of their quest reads like a detective story; for clue by clue, Becker and his colleagues have been unraveling a medical mystery that began with creation.

The tale begins with a few known biological principles about regeneration that were to serve as the departure point for their search. The way regenerative healing works has been observed, if not explained, for hundreds of years; the process still seems so magical that even the most clinical of researchers must shake his head in amazement as he watches the microscopic metamorphosis unfold. The body of every animal, from the flatworm on up the evolutionary scale, possesses primitive, undifferentiated cells that could best be described as being like raw clay. When a creature that can regenerate loses a limb, these cells migrate to the injury, forming a mass called a blastema. Some of the mature, specialized cells at the site of the injury dedifferentiate, reverting to primitive form, and add further to the blastema. The blastema then respecializes, transforming itself into whatever types of cells are needed to replace the missing part—bone cells, cartilage cells, and so forth. Somehow, the blastema absorbs information about what to produce along the way, so that at the appropriate moment, it creates an elbow joint or a tibia or a fibula, a left leg or a right one.

The first formal paper on regeneration was written by the great Italian physiologist Luigi Spallanzani and appeared in 1768. Spallanzani's experiments uncovered the first two important clues: The younger the animal, the greater its capac-

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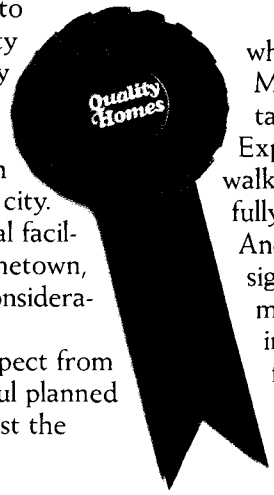

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ity for regeneration; and the lower an animal is on the evolutionary scale, the greater its capacity for regeneration. This latter finding was especially interesting, for it provided a clue in itself. The lower orders that regenerate are biologically just as complicated as man; their parts are just as difficult to replace. The main difference is—and this was later to become a significant clue—that animals in the lower orders have comparatively more nerves in their extremities.

A third clue was buried in the writings of the late 1700s: Every time a creature is injured, an electrical charge is generated at the site of the injury. This phenomenon is called the current of injury, and it is proportionate to the severity of the wound.

It was not until some 180 years later that scientists again began to delve into the mystery of regeneration. In 1945, the biologist Meryl Rose (a retired professor of anatomy at Tulane University College of Medicine who is currently affiliated with Woods Hole Marine Biological Laboratories) amputated the forelegs of some frogs below the elbows. Thinking he could perhaps promote growth by preventing the injuries from scarring over, he bathed the stumps of the frogs' limbs in a strong salt solution. The result was startling: About half of each amputated limb regenerated, developing new bone and muscle and in some cases even showing the beginnings of digital growth. Thus Rose became the first to prove that an animal which cannot regenerate naturally can be made to do so artificially.

The next year, a Russian named Vladimirovic Polezhaev amputated frogs' legs in a similar fashion and then irritated the stumps by repeatedly jabbing them with needles. The result? Astonishingly, he regenerated about the same amount of growth that Rose had with the salt solution. It was possible that the salt not only had prevented scarring but, like the needle punctures, had actually exacerbated the injuries and thereby stimulated growth. Now there was another clue: Regeneration may somehow be connected to the severity of injury.

In the early Fifties, Marcus Singer, presently a professor of anatomy at Case Western Reserve University, in Cleveland, became the next to uncover important evidence. He transferred nerves from a frog's healthy hind legs to the stump of its foreleg; his frog also regenerated about the same amount of growth that Rose's had. Singer's contribution to the collection of clues is an almost mathematical formulation: The nerve tissue required for regeneration must constitute at least 30 percent of the total tissue at the site of the injury.

Then in 1958, a Russian named A. V. Zhirmunskii discovered that the current of injury is proportionate not just to the severity of the injury but also to the amount of nerve tissue in the area.

Becker's turn at medical detection also came in 1958. He assembled his evidence as a good detective would assemble his suspects: Injury is related to regeneration; nerve tissue is related to regeneration; and both injury and nerve tissue are related to the current of injury. Could the current of injury, Becker reasoned, thus be related to regeneration?

He measured the current of injury in a salamander's regenerating leg and in a frog's scarring stump. Sure enough, his findings seemed to support his hunch. On the day the legs were amputated, both creatures generated the same current of injury—a positive voltage. But there the similarity ended: As the frog's stump scarred over, the current of injury in its leg declined to zero; but the current of injury in the salamander's leg switched from a positive to a negative polarity and only then began to decline, reaching zero when regeneration was complete.

Becker had definitely discovered a connection between the current of injury and regeneration. In a sense, however, his discovery complicated rather than clarified the mystery. The way the current of injury worked in those limbs was simply not concurrent with the way nerves are supposed to produce electricity.

Nerve fibers have traditionally been thought to respond to stimulation in only one way: Sodium penetrates into the nerve cell and potassium leaks out, creating a chemical reaction that generates a charge called an action potential. Whatever the stimulus—a gentle touch or an injury—the action potential is exactly the same. Moreover, each nerve fiber can create only one of these potentials at a time. Becker compares the system to that of a digital computer, which transmits single impulses in rapid succession.

Herein lay Becker's problem: How could the action potential—a constant—account for the switch from positive to negative polarity that he had seen in the salamander's current of injury? How could the action potential account for the fact that the current of injury lasted many days after the stimulated nerve cells should have either died or repaired themselves and ceased their impulses? How could the action potential, which responds in the same way to every stimulus, account for the fact that creatures feel intensities of pain?

Becker guessed that in addition to its digital-computer impulses, the central nervous system can carry steady currents and potentials—in the way an analogue computer can. He

Electrical voltages naturally generated by a salamander.

further theorized that the body's analogue computer system has an input signal—could it be pain?—that triggers an output signal which switches on the healing function.

To verify his theory, Becker measured the electrical potentials of different points on the skin of humans and other animals. He found an electrical field that roughly parallels the nervous system. A disturbance in that field—such as an injury—might stimulate cells to begin repairs.

Becker's theory ran counter even to basic textbook explanations of the nervous system, and medical men let him know it. "That cells are capable of sensing and responding to levels of electrical current is hardly universally accepted," he wrote in one medical journal. But he stuck to his convictions; and today, more than a decade later, doctors are coming to accept his hypothesis. "They no longer march out of my lectures," he says. "The response has changed from complete rejection through amused disbelief to—at present—almost enthusiastic acceptance."

AND NO WONDER. The experiments that Becker based on his unorthodox vision of the nervous system produced remarkable results. First, in 1964, Becker began to examine the spontaneous regeneration of human bone. Given the fact that bone is not well innervated, the theories about electrical stimulation would not apply—unless bone could generate its own electricity. Becker knew that bone accommodates automatically to mechanical stress. When he measured the currents around a

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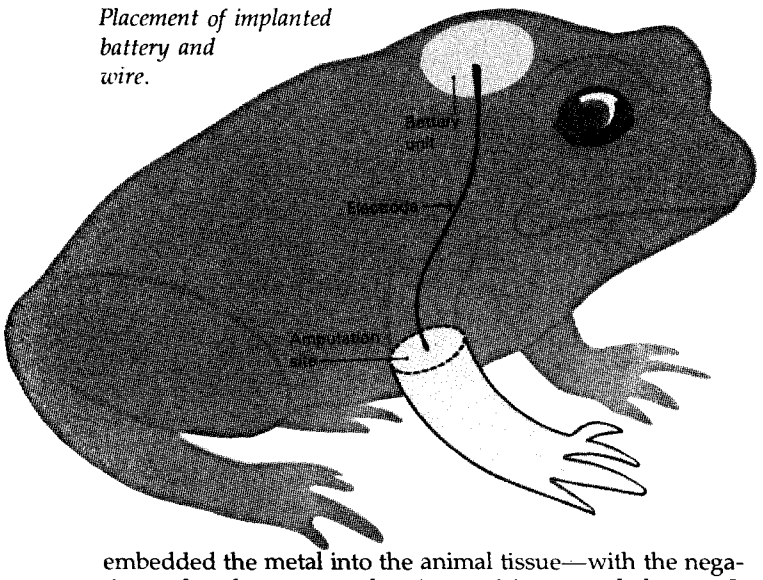
stressed bone, he discovered that it generated a positive charge on the stretched side (which dissolved some bone) and a negative charge on the other side (which built up bone and provided the necessary added support). Then Becker administered a negative charge to a mouse's broken leg bone to see if he could artificially stimulate bone growth. He did.

In 1964, Steven Smith, then a student of Meryl Rose and now an associate professor in the department of anatomy at the University of Kentucky, studied Becker's findings and got the idea of implanting a simple electrode right into the muscle tissue of the stump of a frog's leg. He soldered together a piece of platinum wire, which has a positive charge, and a piece of silver wire, which has a negative charge, and



Placement of implanted battery and wire.

embedded the metal into the animal tissue—with the negative end at the stump—thus improvising a crude battery. It worked. He regenerated about as much growth as the Rose, Polezhaev, and Singer experiments had the decade before.

Breakthrough followed breakthrough. Becker examined his healing frog bones under a microscope and saw that the blastema around the regenerating bone was coming from a blood clot that had formed there. (A frog's red blood cells are prime candidates for blastema, for—unlike the red blood cells of mammals—they have nuclei and thus can easily divide and dedifferentiate.) His next step? He had a student expose frog blood to various levels of electrical current in order to find out exactly how much of a charge is needed to turn blood cells into blastema. Days passed, then months. The student administered smaller and smaller currents to the blood (high ones either did nothing or began to cook the cells), but he saw no evidence of change. Finally, the week before the student was supposed to quit and return to his classes, he found that blood cells revert to blastema at a few billionths of an ampere.

In 1973, armed with the knowledge of how much current produces a blastema, Becker decided to brave the step from regenerating amphibians to regenerating mammals. He amputated a rat's foreleg below the shoulder and implanted the platinum-silver electrode device at the stump. Again, success—this time, the most exciting ever. The animal regenerated nerves and tissue and even formed the humerus, the upper-arm bone, complete with the rounded end that fits into the elbow joint. Other parts of the elbow joint began to take shape, including cartilage and two bony structures that Becker surmised were the forerunners of the radius and ulna bones of the lower leg. Everything about the new growth was precisely as it had been in the original limb. And all this growth took place in just three days.

But then the growth ended; for the electrode remaine implanted in the shoulder tissue, while the end of th stump, where regeneration was taking place, had grow beyond the reach of its vital current.

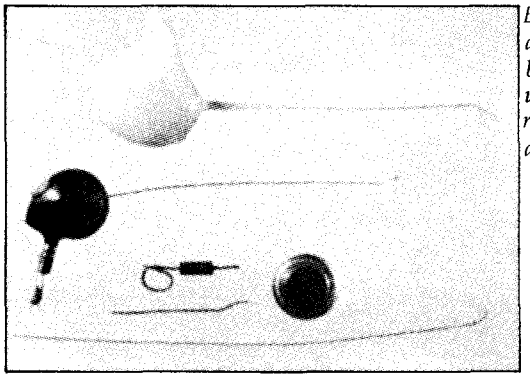
The rat's growth, though incomplete, was neverthele significant, particularly in one respect: The fact that the ra whose red blood cells have no nuclei, could form blastema—probably from bone marrow—indicated that i all probability humans could do so as well.

About this time, in London, two newborn infants lo their fingers, and the fingers regenerated naturally. The e planation, in Becker's view, probably lies with Spallanzani early finding that the younger the creature, the better i ability to regenerate. But what was most significant about th babies' growth was that it indicated that the human bod contains within it the capacity for regeneration.

Later in 1973, Smith devised an electrode that would trav with the regenerating stump. Again he amputated a frog leg below the elbow: With the new device, the frog's entir leg grew back.

The year 1973 marked a third triumph as well: Becker be gan using his findings about the body's electricity in exper ments on human bone. A patient of his who had fracture his ankle two years earlier suffered from a mild diabet condition that was interfering with the bone's ability to re generate. The ankle had failed to mend despite two corre tive operations; and the bone on both sides of the break ha deteriorated. Under normal circumstances, Becker woul have had to amputate the leg. Instead, he implanted an ele trode into the fracture and administered the same curre that he found had divided the frog's red blood cells. H waited three months, the time an ankle fracture would no mally take to heal, and the fracture regenerated. A sample c the new bone showed it to be normal in every respect.

The next year, during the course of routine experiment Becker stumbled on another clue that finally shed cor siderable light on his nervous system theory. With the inter tion of impeding growth, he and his staff broke the tibia in rat's leg and then cut the nerve that led to the broken limb assuming that without a nerve supply the rat's bone woul heal poorly, if at all. But the fracture healed well; the onl



Electrodes and battery un used in regeneratin a frog's leg

drawback was that it took twice the normal time. Perhaps th severed end of the nerve needed time to degenerate, the thought. So they cut the nerve six days before breaking th bone. To their astonishment, the bone healed in the norm amount of time, as if the nerve had never been cut at all.

What was going on? They opened up the leg, only t discover that the nerve fiber had not healed. What *had* heale was the nerve's sheath of Schwann cells—one of a doze types of cells that make up the "perineural group"—trad tionally thought to serve no purpose other than the insul tion of the nerve fiber. The perineural cells in the brain wer known to carry a steady current—for what reason, no on

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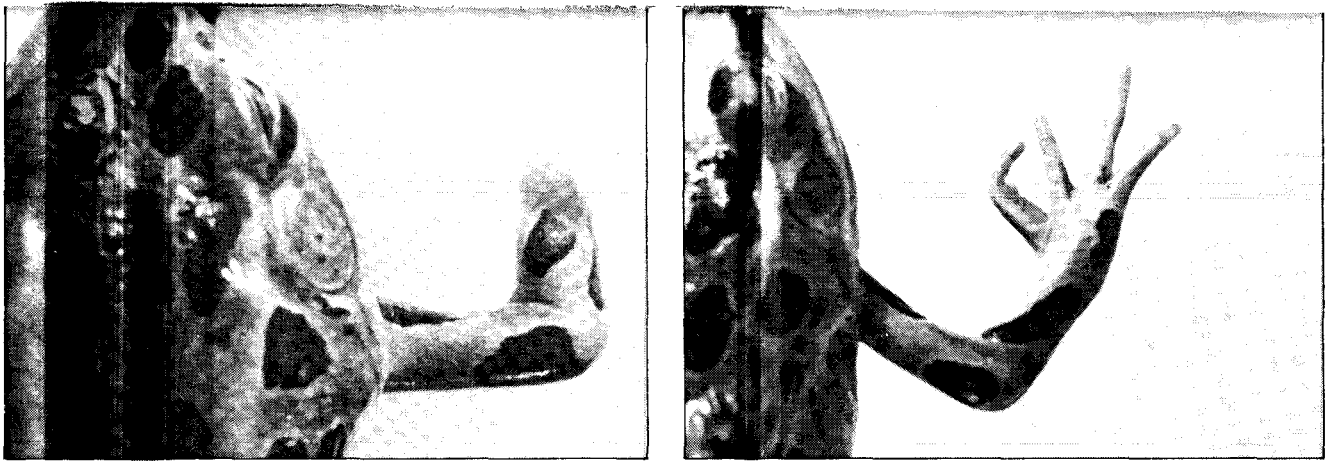

In 1973, Dr. Steven Smith became the first to regenerate a frog's leg; the process took about a year.

knew. It now seemed apparent that Schwann cells also carry a steady current. This was proof enough for Becker that the analogue computer system he had theorized was indeed contained in the perineural cells—cells that sheathe the entire central nervous system.

The perineural discovery is by no means the end of the tale. Experiments must still be conducted to determine if electrical regeneration is entirely safe. Could applications of electricity to the peripheral nervous system, for example, induce some sort of behavioral disorder? Or damage our cognitive powers? Every human body contains dormant cancer cells. Could an implanted electrode shock them into fatal multiplication?

Nevertheless, much of the mystery has been solved. Only the last chapter—the most exciting one—has yet to be written. It may well describe the modern world as a Shangri-La where damaged human parts are simply cut off and grown back properly. Our future may lie not with the bionic man but with the natural man.

The replacement of arthritic hip joints with Teflon parts, for example, is now a costly and not altogether satisfactory operation. The Teflon wears out. If the device is implanted in a young person, it may have to be replaced some four or five times in the course of his life. And with each hip operation, there is the risk of infection, which can be a deadly prospect. The alternative—growing a natural hip—would be safer and cheaper.

We may also someday regenerate a damaged heart. Becker has discovered that salamanders replace some 50 percent of their cardiac muscles by regeneration. And Polezhaev has cut away the scar tissue on the hearts of dogs that had suffered severe heart attacks; all of the hearts regenerated and less than 5 percent of the dogs died. We may even replace parts defective at birth, given that damaged genes do not garble the instructions given to the blastema.

Becker himself is hesitant to herald regeneration as an immediate cure for amputees. The replacement of severed parts, he says, is still pretty far off. Why not aim for more immediate uses that would be beneficial to greater numbers of people? Severing the spinal cord in man produces paraplegia because man's spinal cord does not regenerate. Becker, however, thinks that since salamanders regenerate their spinal cords, man's spinal cord could perhaps be electrically stimulated to do the same thing. It would take only a year to see whether electrical stimulation works without complications in a paraplegic dog or monkey. And if such stimulation works safely in them, it could be safely applied to humans.

The outstanding disappointment of the entire regeneration tale is that no one is conducting that experiment with paraplegic animals. Why? Money. Becker's own $100,000 grant, from the Veterans Administration, just covers staff salaries. Experiments are costly; keeping paraplegic animals in particular is frightfully expensive.

Still, it must not be forgotten that the financial problem—serious though it is—is the only laggard in regeneration's exhilarating race toward the future. It is the promise of regeneration—not the problems—on which we must focus attention. Hundreds of questions wait to be answered.

- Animals that regenerate don't get cancer. If a tumor is implanted in a lizard's body, which does not regenerate, it grows to fatal proportions. But if it is implanted in the tail, which does regenerate, the tumor disappears. If we learn how to turn on regeneration (controlled growth), can we learn to turn off cancer (uncontrolled growth)?
- Hormones play an important role in regeneration. A chopped-up adrenal gland when implanted in a frog will generate some growth. Moreover, if the adrenal gland is removed from a lizard, the creature will lose its ability to regenerate its tail. If the hormone prolactin is then injected, the lizard will regain its regenerative potential. It has also been hypothesized that hormones secreted during stress can cause cancer. Prolactin is secreted during stress. Is there a connection? Do carcinogens impose a stress on the body, which then triggers a hormonal release that oversensitizes the body to its own electrical forces, thus sparking wild division of cells?
- If a negative charge builds up bone and a positive charge dissolves bone, could positive charges have an effect on malignancies?
- If pain is the input signal needed by the brain to trigger healing, does anesthesia—the muffling of the pain signal—impede healing?
- When power lines are stretched across the sea, amplifiers are put in at regular points to boost the current along. The body's electric system may run the same way, equipped with special spots along the analogue nervous system that boost the signals as they are carried to or from the brain. Becker has found that half of the traditional acupuncture points correspond to the spots in the nervous system that seem to be amplifiers of electricity. Could acupuncture simply involve the insertion of a metal needle into one of the amplifiers, short-circuiting the pain signal so that it never reaches the brain?
- Does the body's sensitivity to electricity explain why reversals in the earth's magnetic field are related to the extinction of certain animals?
- When one electrical field is imposed on another, the currents are altered. When one human being approaches another, do their biological electric systems overlap? Is this a scientific explanation for the "psychic" mystery of ESP?
- The characteristics of the analogue nervous system are such that it should be influenced by external electrical fields. Becker has already found experimental evidence that would indicate that electrical fields such as those produced by power transmission lines produce stress in animals—with consequent physical effects that are shocking indeed to the layman. What is the relation between this unseen electrical pollution and human stress?

The possibilities seem infinite. Each is like a silver key. Which one will open the door to a new world? ◉

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BUSINESS '78

Death in the Corporate Jungle

by David W. Ewing

SOME OF THE CRIES coming forth from the corporate jungle these days are short and sharp. Until one Tuesday morning this past January, Becton, Dickinson & Co. had been an independent, thriving 80-year-old medical supplies enterprise with steadily growing profits and sales approaching $600 million. Suddenly, the company's peaceful and independent life came to an end: Its president, Wesley J. Howe, received a call from the New York Stock Exchange announcing that trading of the company's stock had been halted, and within hours he knew that the company was the victim of a take-over.

The predator was Sun Company. For months, it had been stalking Becton, Dickinson, secretly buying large chunks of its stock from individual shareholders and institutions. When Sun leaped for the kill, it had paid out nearly $300 million for shares, all surreptitiously purchased at prices above the going market price. By the time the victim screamed, all but the legal technicalities had been settled.

In this case, admittedly, the legal qualification could be important, for Becton, Dickinson's lawyers are challenging the take-over under the Williams Act (designed to bring some order into corporate raiding). Thus far, however, the law has saved the hides of few take-over targets, and there is no compelling reason to believe it can save Becton, Dickinson.

Sun's head, H. Robert Sharbaugh, is a good-looking, tough-minded wheeler-dealer who has an unerring nose for money, like a preacher's for sin and fried chicken. He intends to get his company out of the oil business, or at least mostly out of it, by diversification. He has little patience with subordinates who fail, a trait that will not be forgotten by those in charge of justifying the take-over at the forthcoming hearings before the Securities and Exchange Commission.

For most companies on predators' hit lists, death comes more slowly than it did to Becton, Dickinson. In April 1976, the executives of Fansteel, a Chicago firm, were relaxing and recuperating from the annual report meeting, held only the day before, when H. K. Porter Co. called to give the legally required notice that it was moving in. Fansteel fought fiercely against the take-over but succumbed in 10 days. And in one of the bloodiest current fights for control, Cutler-Hammer, a Milwaukee-based manufacturer, has been trying for months to shake off Tyco Laboratories, a voracious conglomerate. Although Tyco does not yet have Cutler-Hammer by the throat, and possibly never will, its dorsal clutch is sinking deeper.

According to Walter B. Kissinger, chief executive of The Allen Group, a prosperous manufacturing concern, mor than 100 publicly listed companies lost their independence i 1977 as a result of take-overs. Although Kissinger assert bravely that his company has good defenses against preda tors, he looks uneasily over his shoulder for suspiciou movements in the bush—his company is a luscious siz (sales of about $300 million) and would be a prize kill. W. T Grimm & Co., a Chicago consulting firm that keeps merge statistics, reports that thus far in 1978 would-be buyers hav been on the prowl even more aggressively than in 1977 an far more than in previous years.

The target companies screech in vain, trying to scare of their hunters. In a full-page newspaper ad, Kennecott Cop per Corporation warns that if Curtiss-Wright, its pursuer succeeds in gaining control, it will disembowel Kennecott b selling off its profitable Carborundum division. F & M Schaefer Corporation, the brewer, hurls personal accusation at William H. Pflaumer—chairman of C. Schmidt & Sons, it would-be master—alleging that Pflaumer is a convicte felon. Late in March, Financial General Bankshares, a larg Washington-based bank holding company that was bein stalked by a group of Arab investors, howled that one of it predators' motives was to install President Carter's ex-cron Bert Lance "in a senior executive position" in Financia General.

THE FACT is of course that exploitative motive have often been apparent in past take-overs The acquired company has found itself in th position of the male praying mantis, who while it continue copulating with its female partner is devoured from head t rear. Even if the company is not gutted, it may lose its zi after succumbing to control. The entrepreneurs who made company venturesome while it was independent now balk a playing a subordinate role and resent having controller from the new boss's office breathing over their shoulders an demanding ever more reports.

"I question whether such dynamic and innovative com panies as Xerox, Polaroid, or even IBM would have bee capable of making their creative contributions to our so ciety," Kissinger told a group of security analysts this pas December, "had they been swallowed by force at an earl stage of their development." He reminded his audience tha target companies these days tend to be robust and growing They may be undervalued, but they are not underachievers

An intended victim is stalked with great cunning. Usin clandestine intelligence networks and data-fed computers, pursuer may screen a hundred or more prospects, graduall

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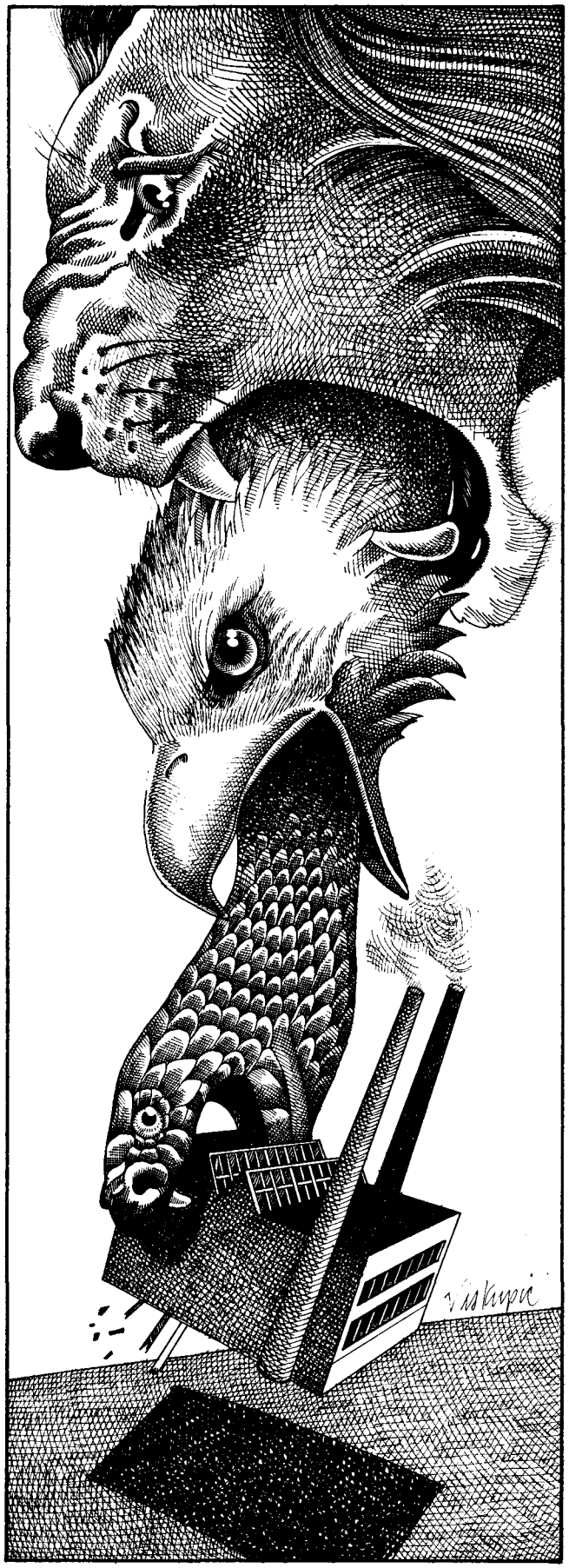
Gary Viskupic



narrowing the list down to one or two choices. He works quietly, masking his true design, squelching any rumors about what he is up to. He may surreptitiously enlist the help of the intended victim's own bank if it has no qualms about duplicity. He engages prestigious investment bankers to help him set up the ambush (they used to object to such games, but many no longer do). He may plan a strategy of pursuit that is as fiendishly complicated as a road map of Boston.

This past January, Leeds & Northrup, a talented manufacturer of process-controlled equipment, breathed a sigh of relief when after a nerve-shattering yearlong hunt, its pursuer, Tyco Laboratories, seemingly gave up the chase. Tyco sold the chunk of Leeds & Northrup stock it had torn off to Cutler-Hammer, which already owned some of the same meat. But the moment of rejoicing was short-lived. Tyco began stalking Cutler-Hammer on the theory that if you can't have your prime choice personally, perhaps you can eat the predator that ate your prime choice. As noted above, this bloody battle is still in progress.

Such deadly struggles go on under the guise of great respectability. To the uninquiring spectator, the duel appears to be a harmless scenario, played out in spacious boardrooms and carpeted offices warmed by the smiles of gracious secretaries and assistants. The protagonists are pleasant, urbane, well-groomed people whose golf handicaps generally range between 15 and 25 and who wear Brooks Brothers clothes even in their home workshops. Their annual pay is in the six-figure range—for example, $175,000 in 1976 for Bertin C. Gamble, chief executive of Gamble-Skogmo, rumored to be after Marshall Field & Co.; $305,000 for Thomas J. Barlow of Anderson, Clayton & Co., which hungered for Gerber Products Co. last year; and $398,000 for Sun Company's Sharbaugh.

But only the naïve are fooled by the urbanity. Insiders know it disguises a savage struggle of clutch and claw. Even the language used—once the doors are closed—is carnivorous. A target company may be described as "lean," or the pursuer may speak hungrily of "trimming off the fat" (reducing costs and personnel deemed unnecessary) once the victim is caught. The company's sales know-how may be referred to as "marketing muscle" and its highly valued patents or contracts, called the "heart" of the firm. J. B. Fuqua, the widely known head of fast-growing Fuqua Industries, was quoted in April as saying it would "take us about a year to digest" National Industries, his latest acquisition. One defense used by some target companies—a bylaw requiring that a majority of shareholders must agree to a merger before it can be consummated—is called a shark repellent clause. And the so-called tender offer, the chief instrument of purchase, itself has a meaty sound, though of course the adjective "tender" is intended in the transactional sense, not in the gourmet sense.

Naturally, the realities of this carnivorous hunt are well known to the intended prey, who is not fooled by blandishments. The pursuer generally assures the victim that he will keep it going with all its key people and staffs intact. "John," says the wheeler-dealer to the head of the smaller enterprise, "I promise you that we sincerely intend this relationship to be friendly, creative, and mutually profitable. We are the lion and the calf lying down together."

That we may be, John thinks ruefully, but as Woody Allen once said, the calf won't get much sleep. ◉

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Silent Invasion: Why Mexico Is an American Problem

by Alan Riding

THERE WAS A TIME when the United States border with Mexico marked a clear line between the wealth, organization, and artificial flavorings of the north and the poverty, improvisation, and pungent spices of the south. Today that line is blurred. The United States has become an accepted presence in northern Mexico while Mexico has thrust cultural, economic, and even political fists deep into the soft underbelly of the United States. In fact, Mexico is increasingly determining the mood and mores of the American Southwest and beyond.

The signs are everywhere: in the crowded American border cities, where unemployed Mexican boys strike in lightning raids, assaulting individuals, homes, and businesses; on Texas farms, where poor Mexican peasants provide cheap labor; in Arizona department stores, where rich Mexicans are the main clients; as far north as Chicago, where Mexicans run the drug underworld; and as far east as New York, where the major Mexican television newscast is broadcast nightly.

Mexico already is an American problem. But the cause of the problem is that Mexico itself is in deep trouble. The single party that has ruled the country for almost 50 years is now struggling to maintain its own and the nation's stability. The economic development that brought such a concentration of wealth during the postwar era is no longer functioning. Unemployment is so widespread that each year millions of Mexicans must cross illegally into the United States to work on farms as underpaid stoop laborers. Rural poverty remains endemic as urban slums swell. Even Mexico's new oil wealth offers little hope for a transformation of society. Solutions are being found arithmetically; problems are growing geometrically.

But to the United States, called upon to feed and finance much of the Third World, Mexico's problems still seem as distant as those of Brazil, Indonesia, or any other large backward nation. Washington does its bit to help them all, but it really feels that if only these countries could control their birthrate, their corruption, and their infantile nationalism, they would be much better off. And so the argument has run that if they don't want to help themselves, well, eventually, it's *their* problem and *their* poverty.

This has been the case with Mexico. Having seized half of Mexico's territory in 1848 and having intervened sporadically in the country for the next 70 years, the United States has been blessed with having a strong government south of the Rio Grande for much of the past half century. The contradiction of the world's richest nation sharing a 2,000-mile border with a traditionally violent and deeply impoverished country was suspended. Worrying successively about the Soviet Union, Nazi Germany, Japan, China, Korea, Vietnam, the Middle East, and southern Africa, Washington took Mexico for granted. So when political and economic instability began to surface there in 1976, it was treated like any other distant problem: given passing attention and then as the immediate crisis abated, forgotten.

The Carter administration has proved to be no more perceptive about Mexico—and perhaps even less so—than its predecessors were. Taking office at almost the same time, Jimmy Carter and Mexico's president José López Portillo decided to patch up the relations that were strained between 1973 and 1976 by then-president Luis Echeverría's Third World militancy. But Carter has acted only in a personal way, sending Rosalynn Carter to Mexico City for López Portillo's inauguration, on December 1, 1976, and to the Texas border last November to meet with Mrs. López Portillo; receiving the Mexican president last year as his first foreign guest; and sending Vice-President Walter Mondale down to Mexico City this past January, presumably to celebrate the new amigo ties. But even as diplomats and politicians feted the new rapprochement, Washington adopted policies certain to upset Mexico, and nation-to-nation relations deteriorated.

To be fair, the United States has treated Mexico as it might treat any other nation. And therein lies the problem. Struggling with a huge trade deficit, the United States has responded to Mexican complaints about American protectionism by pointing out that Mexico's tariff barriers are even higher. Trying to control inflation and to implement a sound energy policy, Washington has argued that it cannot pay more for Mexican-supplied natural gas than for domestic or Canadian. And with six million Americans out of work, the Carter administration has been pressured by the AFL-CIO to clamp down on the illegal immigration of impoverished, unemployed Mexicans. But while these policies are logical, they are not farsighted. It is in American interest to treat Mexico as a special case because the short-term cost of such a policy will be minimal compared with the long-

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term price of allowing the pressures of poverty and violence to continue building there.

The issue can be posed in three questions: Can the United States afford to stand by idly as Mexico's population doubles to 130 million by the year 2000 and the nation's precarious economic and political structures buckle under the strain? Can the United States expect to be unaffected if serious unrest breaks out so near to home? Can the United States continue to pretend that Mexico is not a crucial problem?

THE CARTER ADMINISTRATION appears to see no problems ahead. Last August, without even consulting Mexico, it announced its immigration plan in the same chauvinistic tone that it might use to reveal any other domestic initiative. The bill, being taken up by Congress this summer, aims to reduce illegal immigration—85 percent of it comes from Mexico—by strengthening the U.S. Border Patrol and by penalizing American employers of undocumented aliens. As a concession, the bill would grant legal status to immigrants who can show that they have resided in the United States since before January 1, 1970. (Few Mexicans would benefit. Studies show that the majority come over on a seasonal basis or for only a couple of years at most.) Finally, for those who can show that they arrived before January 1, 1977, the bill contemplates a provisional status that would allow them to remain for a five-year trial period during which they would be expected to pay social security and other taxes but could not benefit from welfare. Naturally liberals object to the creation of second-class citizens—it may well be unconstitutional anyway—while many conservatives feel that the legalization of immigrants who are already established in the country is unnecessary. As a result, Mexico faces the prospect of a carrot-and-stick U.S. immigration law from which the carrot will have been removed by Congress.

But what impact will the stick have? First, the chances are that it won't succeed in stopping the flow of Mexicans to the north. So long as menial jobs are available in the United States—particularly on a seasonal basis on the farms of the Southwest—and unemployed peasants exist in Mexico, natural economic forces will bring supply and demand together. And with many Americans, including blacks, unwilling to become farm laborers even when they are jobless and with peasant unemployment growing in Mexico, the demand and the supply will exist indefinitely. The only way to stop the supply would be to militarize the 2,000-mile border, hardly an appealing prospect for a nation built up by immigrants who came in search of freedom and prosperity.

But, one could reasonably ask, could not the stick force Mexico to start to resolve its own problems? After all, the country's 25 million peasants have long been ignored by their various governments. Mexico also has one of the worst records in Latin America of corruption and the concentration of wealth. Action in these areas would not be amiss. Additionally, Mexico has a significant industrial sector, and its new oil and natural gas wealth should provide financing for further development. And if through the stick increased unemployment and unrest resulted in greater political pressure for change, would that be altogether bad? Perhaps not, but other factors complicate the picture.

Mexico's relative political stability rests on a bizarre coalition of political and economic forces that could break up if sudden change were promoted. Many of former president Echeverría's problems—not the least of which was the flight of capital that provoked the first devaluation of the peso in 22 years—came about because he denied domestic and foreign private-sector leaders and old-time political bosses immediate access to power. The López Portillo administration has therefore been forced to rebuild this ruling coalition by wooing back those groups that had become dangerously alienated. And in doing so, it has once again emphasized political stability over social reform.

But the Catch-22 is that by choosing to have stability now, Mexico may be planting the seeds of future instability. Stability now means the preservation of an economic system that benefits one quarter of the population at most. Sustaining the status quo is a relatively small but growing middle class—comprising members of organized labor and the government bureaucracy—that is fully employed and that serves to extend the market for consumer goods. The rising expectations of this middle class make it press for its own economic demands to be met, but the group itself is an obstacle to any deep social reform.

Outside this 20 percent of the population that controls 70 percent of Mexico's wealth, living conditions are grim. Unemployment and underemployment affect over half of the 18-million-strong work force. Many others find work only for a few days a week or, in the countryside, for three months a year. Despite the postrevolutionary land reform, at least four million adult peasants are today without land, forced to follow the seasonal harvests in Mexico and the United States. Many peasants choose instead to migrate to Mexico's urban areas, where the unceasing influx has spawned huge slums that lack running water and minimal sanitation and that are known poignantly as "lost cities." This uncontrolled urbanization has made Mexico City the world's largest *poor* city. As a result, it is burdened by the inevitable symptoms of poverty: a population growth rate of 3.2 percent per year despite a new birth control program, malnutrition affecting 60 percent of adults and 80 percent of children under five, inadequate housing for 75 percent of the population, a functional illiteracy rate of 60 percent for adults, and a high infant mortality rate due to poor hygiene.

In this dark panorama, illegal immigration to the United States offers a ray of hope. For the government, it is an escape valve that each year removes at least one million people from the ranks of the unemployed. For individuals, it is a chance to earn good money for a few months or perhaps even to find a permanent job in an American city. For the families of those who migrate, it means at least survival and could provide the extra money needed to buy their children school uniforms or textbooks. And for the Mexican economy, it implies an injection of $2 billion to $3 billion sent home by the illegal workers.

The Carter administration has promised that there will be no mass roundups or deportations of undocumented Mexicans, but the real issue is whether or not the escape valve will be closed off in the future. Over the past three years, many workers in Mexico have been laid off because of the country's economic crisis, but every year, 800,000 new Mexicans have joined the job market for the first time. In order for unemployment to stabilize by the mid-1980s, more than one million new jobs must be created each year, yet senior Mexican government officials recognize that their target of even 150,000 new jobs a year is ambitious. So without the escape valve, unemployment and chaotic urbanization will accelerate, and social unrest will inevitably follow. And, significantly, those Mexicans who have the drive and ambition to risk going north of the border will become a new factor of political unrest, while those who were exposed to life in the United States will hardly be satisfied with their lot at home.

From a U.S. point of view, the fate of illegal immigration is only one of several variables because even if the immigration continues, Mexico cannot hope to solve its social crisis in the coming years. Mexico's oil wealth, being channeled into vast refinery and petrochemical projects, will create few jobs and

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at best will merely provide funds to subsidize supplementary food and basic welfare for the under- and unemployed. The rural sector, long the Achilles' heel of the economy, cannot aspire to efficiency unless it expels half its population, but then the cities will suffer further. In politics, the long-ruling Institutional Revolutionary party (PRI) is still firmly in control of the government, but the absence of an equally institutionalized opposition is leading popular discontent and frustration to adopt more chaotic and violent forms of expression. The López Portillo administration is aware of the trend and is encouraging new political parties to grow in the shadow of the PRI. But if urban and rural violence grow, greater repression will become inevitable, creating an even more explosive situation.

WHAT THEN can the United States do about Mexico? How can the United States minimize the problems that are being exported by its neighbor? Clearly, moralizing about the inequities and corruption of Mexico does not help. Taking Mexico as it is, what can be done?

Whenever a wave of concern about developments in Mexico sweeps Washington, it provokes talk of a "Marshall Plan" for the country. At first sight, the idea is appealing. But the nature of the challenge is very different: In Europe, Washington helped to rebuild sophisticated societies that had been shattered by a single event; in Mexico, it would have to develop something from nothing and to go against the trends of international economic relations to do it. Additionally, Europe was ready to receive American help, while Mexico's nationalistic pride has always led it to reject American aid.

Different schemes are nevertheless being mooted. Congressman Henry Gonzalez, sensitive to the influence of Mexico in his home state of Texas, has proposed the idea of a $2 billion joint fund to stimulate the development of those regions of Mexico that "export" the most illegal aliens to the United States. But Mexico already has a $30 billion foreign debt and an $80 billion gross national product, so another $2 billion would hardly be felt. On the other hand, former CIA director William E. Colby is one of the few public figures who seem to recognize that unless solutions are found to Mexico's crisis, "social tensions between the Spanish- and English-speaking communities [in the United States] will produce violence, misery, and turmoil." His proposals though seem less than practical. In a recent article in *Worldview* magazine, Colby suggested a U.S.-financed food stamp program aimed at the poor of Mexico, Central America, and the Caribbean. Individuals would spend the food stamps in the marketplace, and those same stamps would then be used as currency to purchase further imports of surplus American food. But apart from the inevitable danger of abuse and corruption, such a program would discourage local production of staple foods and stimulate a switch to more lucrative export crops, which would result in huge profits for rich farmers and in the need to provide even more welfare for the poor. More important, the program would not be a strong enough magnet to keep Mexicans from immigrating to the United States.

Clearly, there are no simple measures that the United States can adopt; but as a first step in demonstrating a degree of understanding and in instituting new measures, the Carter administration should withdraw its immigration proposals. Even if they are never adopted, discussion of them will create a psychological barrier to more realistic solutions to the Mexican problem. In the short run in fact, the government should allow the forces of supply and demand to control the ebb and flow of Mexicans across the border. In the long run, the government could institutionalize this flow by signing a seasonal workers accord with Mexico similar to the so-called Bracero Agreement that operated until stopped

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Gina Freschet

by Congress, in 1964. This accord would meet the labor demands of farmers in the Southwest and would ensure that the workers return to Mexico once the season was over. Not surprisingly, this is a solution favored by Secretary of Agriculture Bob Bergland, who is fully aware that unemployed Americans are not willing to do stoop labor. But Congress will take more persuading. The AFL-CIO is strongly opposed to a new Bracero Agreement, but it must be convinced that its interests will be harmed more by the continuation of illegal immigration. Organized labor must also learn to separate the threat from the cheap labor in, say, Taiwan or Brazil from the more complex Mexican issue.

President López Portillo has frequently stated that he prefers Mexico to export products rather than people to the United States. But to do so, Mexico requires a special trade deal with the United States. At present, Mexico benefits from the generalized system of trade preferences, and it recently signed a bilateral agreement with Washington that eliminated tariffs on $64 million worth of its agricultural products and on $32 million worth of U.S. exports. But many Mexican exports to the United States are in practice blocked by such nontariff barriers as quotas and frequently specious quality controls on such products as tomatoes, strawberries, and winter vegetables. Congress is opposed to granting Mexico specialized trade preferences, but it would be an act of great vision if it were to do so.

On a less ambitious scale, Mexico would like to extend the current system of labor-intensive border assembly plants to the more depressed regions of the country. Under this system, raw materials are imported from the United States, assembled in Mexico, and reexported to the United States, with duty paid only on the value added. But while this scheme succeeded in launching industry in Puerto Rico, the AFL-CIO is campaigning for the relevant U.S. tariff provisions to be revoked because American firms are running away to cheaper labor in Mexico. Extending the system beyond the border area, where some 40,000 jobs are currently provided to Mexicans, will therefore depend on a more understanding attitude by Congress. The idea is attractive to Mexico because it would enable new industries to take off in nonindustrial areas. These industries would then gradually use more Mexican raw materials and, hopefully, eventually be able to compete at home and abroad.

One irony is that while the United States should act on these questions for purely selfish reasons, Mexico has something to offer as evidence of the two countries' growing interdependence. After Saudi Arabia, Mexico probably has the world's largest oil reserves, and while production is now only 1.25 million barrels per day (bd), oil exports will reach 574,000 bd by the end of this year and 1.2 million bd by 1980. With proven reserves of 17 billion barrels and probable reserves of between 60 billion and 100 billion barrels, Mexico can assure the United States a secure supply of oil for the rest of this century. But because the United States continues to pressure rather than to aid the Mexican economy, the López Portillo administration is seeking new markets for the country's oil in order to avoid excessive dependence on United States purchases. Extraordinarily, at the same time as it is turning a blind eye to Mexico's social crisis, Washington is also failing to recognize the importance of the country's oil and natural gas. The two attitudes are related and unrelated. If Mexico is treated as a special case as far as immigration, trade, and investment are concerned, the United States can feel secure about its oil. But if Mexico continues to be treated as if it were any other distant developing nation, no amount of oil wealth will prevent its social and political problems from spilling over into the United States. ◉

Based in Mexico City, Alan Riding is a correspondent for The New York Times.

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WASHINGTON

The Vance-Brzezinski Squabble

by Tad Szulc

When Woodrow Wilson had Colonel Edward House and FDR had Harry Hopkins helping them to cope with, among other things, world affairs, the State Department took an alarmed view of this private arrangement. In both cases, the department feared that these influential persons were undermining the role of the secretary of state as the president's principal adviser on foreign policy.

In those days, the formal office of National Security Adviser to the President hadn't yet been invented, but in their personal and policy clashes with the State Department, House and Hopkins were clearly the forerunners of Henry Kissinger and Zbigniew Brzezinski (McGeorge Bundy and Walt Rostow were also part of this tradition).

So today's sharpening adversary relationship between Brzezinski's White House-based National Security Council machine and Cyrus Vance's State Department is therefore not a startling new development but a logical product, rather, of twentieth-century American history. The fact is that every president with strong opinions on foreign policy has insisted on having what is nowadays known as a national security adviser, and tensions between this adviser and the State Department—always jealous of its prerogatives—have thus always been inevitable.

Different presidents and national security advisers have distinctive styles however, and the Brzezinski-Vance confrontation is not simply a replay of the problem between Kissinger and William P. Rogers, who was Nixon's secretary of state till well into the first year of Nixon's second term.

Kissinger actually brutalized Rogers, openly excluding him from major policy-making decisions and finally taking over the State Department while retaining the White House post, with its instant access to the president.

Brzezinski on the other hand has handled his relations and disagreements with Vance—and the disagreements are many—in a much more subtle and sophisticated way, although the presidential adviser's influence has grown from the outset. For one thing, Brzezinski was at first less assertive, flamboyant, and authoritative in manner than Kissinger—though in time he became all three of these things.

Ostensibly, Jimmy Carter didn't encourage the kind of abrasive operation that Kissinger ran. If only for show (but insiders say that it is for substance too), the President prefers a more formal, academic system: Thus every Friday there is a seminar-style White House breakfast, presumably held to thrash out policy, that is attended by Brzezinski, Vance, Vice-President Walter Mondale, Secretary of Defense Harold Brown, and, more recently, Hamilton Jordan, of the domestic staff. And there was another big difference: Cyrus Vance, quiet and reserved as he is, didn't throw in the towel as easily as Rogers used to.

Washington being Washington, the Brzezinski-Vance policy disputes tend to produce the impression of warfare between State and the White House. This impression is fed by commentators who are disturbed by the way in which the Carter administration is handling international affairs. The truth, as usual, is more complex.

Essentially, the issue between Brzezinski and Vance revolves around the question of the best approach to Soviet-American relations. Brzezinski, broadly speaking, favors tougher tactics while Vance prefers greater delicacy in diplomacy. This difference in outlook has been both exaggerated and misinterpreted. It is of course nonsense to portray Vance, Arms Control and Disarmament Agency director Paul Warnke, and special assistant for Soviet affairs Marshall Shulman as "soft liners." Brzezinski comes closer, however, to being a "hard liner" in the classic sense.

Nevertheless, there are differences in the two approaches that can affect not only the style but the substance of policy. A classic example was seen earlier this year in our response to Soviet-Cuban involvement in the war in the Horn of Africa. Brzezinski, who has a penchant for shooting from the hip, brashly volunteered the public comment that such Soviet activities might affect the negotiations for a new strategic arms' limitations agreement (SALT). But Vance, also publicly, shot down the linkage notion. Carter, however, picked up the Brzezinski line the next day—though less stridently.

This example is important because it suggests either that Carter's *instincts* are closer to Brzezinski's or that he prefers the *logic* of the national security adviser's approach to that of Vance's. The State Department was somewhat appalled by the Brzezinski linkage exercise, regarding it as an empty bluff because the administration was clearly not about to ditch SALT over the Horn. But White House people took the view that it was necessary, at least for effect, "to draw the line somewhere" in the face of apparent Soviet provocation. In this connection, it is worth remembering that it was Brzezinski who told his staff early in this administration that the Russians "must learn to pacify us."

Overall, the impression has developed in Washington that Brzezinski has succeeded to a large degree in centering the formulation of foreign policy in the White House, leaving the State Department with more of an emissary role. This impression is probably exaggerated, but Vance, contrary to his better initial judgment, has been spending an inordinate amount of time on international travel. This shuttling about has had the inevitable effect of diminishing the secretary's personal impact on Carter simply because there is less possibility of contact. In April and early May, for example, Vance was away on an extended trip to Africa and Moscow, following it up with a hasty visit to Mexico. Previously, he had engaged in considerable Middle Eastern journeying.

The importance to both men of constant access to the President cannot be overemphasized—Friday breakfasts or not—and the White House reality is that Brzezinski is the first official to see Carter every morning and often sees him throughout the day. And unlike Kissinger, he presents recommendations on what he regards as the best policy options. It doesn't take much imagination to conclude that Brzezinski's thoughts have a better chance of prevailing in the Oval Office than do Vance's.

This fact of course mortifies many key State Department officials to whom Brzezinski is not the most admired figure in town. They would like Vance to be more assertive, although they admire his loyalty to the White House—which includes a strict ban on bad mouthing Brzezinski and the National Security Council staff. But there has been considerable annoyance at the

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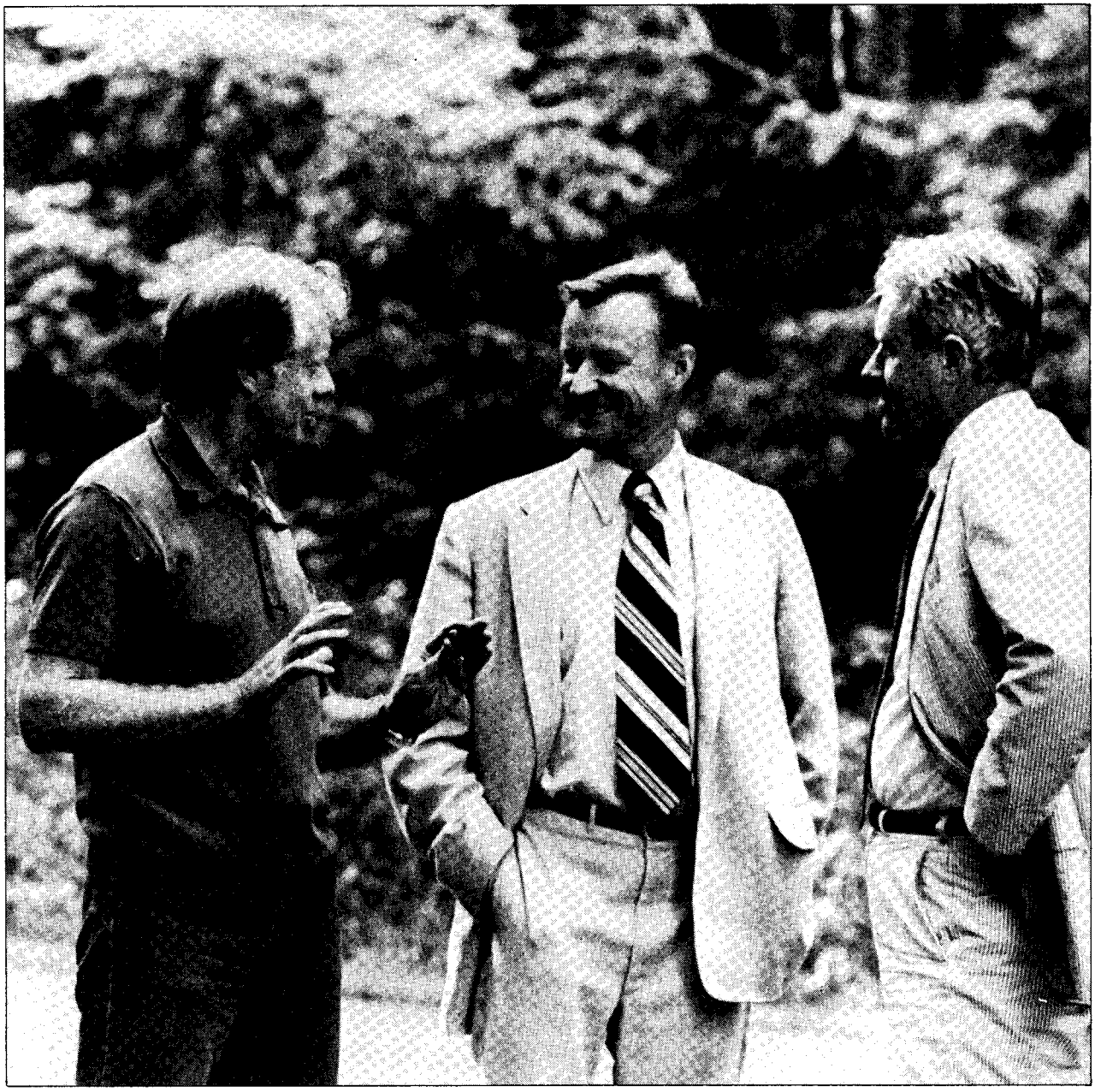
Wide World



Jimmy Carter, Zbigniew Brzezinski, and Cyrus Vance—"Brzezinski's thoughts have a better chance of prevailing in the Oval Office."

State Department over Brzezinski's practice of holding White House background briefings for newsmen concerning Vance's foreign missions even before the secretary has had time to return home.

Brzezinski finally completed the upstaging of Vance with his television appearance on May 28, in which he took the Russians to task for violating the "code" of détente. It was the greatest public turning point in U.S. foreign policy under Carter—and the secretary of state was conspicuously absent.

Personal relations between Brzezinski's staff and its State Department counterparts have also deteriorated in the past year. Aside from certain basic policy differences—mainly in the area of Soviet relations, Africa, and arms transfers—many State Department officials resent what has frequently been described as the "imperious" tone of National Security Council staffers in demanding from Foggy Bottom instant responses on complex matters. The complaint is that the quality of State Department output suffers from this sense of urgency, which is not always justified by the circumstances.

As noted above, tensions between the White House and the State Department are not a novelty. In numerous areas—such as the Middle East—the policy views of Brzezinski and Vance do coincide, even if their ideas about how to act on those views are not always the same. But the reality remains that under Jimmy Carter, the national security adviser carries considerably more clout than the secretary of state, which may not be an ideal state of affairs. •

With this issue, Tad Szulc, author of The Illusion of Peace, *begins a regular Washington column.*

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The Emptiness of Our Empty Rooms

by Owen Edwards

THE HOLY GRAIL for certain questing parapsychologists is the clear and irrefutable photographs of a ghost, a passport picture of sorts providing bona fides at the border zone between this world and the next. So far, the results have been less than satisfying, looking more like cigarette smoke than the spectral remains of, say, farmer Ezekiel Peabody, of Salt Point, New York. For those of us less concerned with proof positive of hauntings, however, a highly successful form of "ghost picture" has long existed in the resonant empty rooms and spaces of such photographers as Frederick Evans, Eugène Atget, Walker Evans, and Clarence Laughlin. The pictures by these and other photographers are palpably filled with the spirits of those who have been there before.

No one with even an atrophied antenna for unsettling shadings is likely to enter an empty room without some infinitesimal wariness, some remainder of the child's animistic sensitivity to the aliveness of inanimate things. More so even than the clothes we wear, the rooms we wrap around ourselves are extensions and expressions of who we are (even if we are only apers of decorators), and the evocative possibilities in these rooms have encouraged some photographers to create a significant photographic subgenre of portraits without people.

Atget's early morning-lighted Versailles gardens seem to hum with the small talk of yesterday evening's visitors; his still cafés at dawn seem to smell of absinthe drunk the night before. Having set out dutifully to record a vanishing age in Paris, Atget ended up giving us documents with a soul. On the other end of the scale, Walker Evans fashioned a kind of reportage out of artistry and sentiment, inclining toward pre-industrial rooms of poor (hence honest) dirt farmers and studying the still lifes on bureau tops for clues to personalities for whom he may have felt (or wished to feel) something beyond an aesthetic concern. Laughlin, in his pictures of moldering town houses and plantations in Louisiana, determinedly seeks out settings as haunted by vanquished glories as Mycenae or Carthage. Like nudes and still lifes, the form persists in modes that reflect contemporary times.

In an exhibition called Futuric Scientific Place and Other Spaces, seen recently at Manhattan's International Center of Photography, Lynne Cohen, a teacher of photography at the University of Ottawa, continues the venerable search for the presences in empty rooms. Her method is precise, though her documents are subtly biased. What results is both alluring and offputting. Cohen has conducted a curious search for the skin of our life and times in banquet halls, swimming pools, beauty parlors, Shriners' halls, nursing homes, apartment lobbies, waiting rooms, skating rinks, exhibition halls, model homes, and other places where humans come and go and leave their imprints. Or rather, leave almost no imprint at all, for Cohen's lugubrious conclusion seems to be that we've come to such a pass in our cool, efficient, homogenized age that the spaces we inhabit have little more than a coincidental connection with whom we imagine ourselves to be.

As I have said, Cohen's is a biased viewpoint, and she uses her equipment and contrivances of timing to reinforce it. Her immaculate contact prints bring the smallest details under sharp scrutiny, while at the same time her view cameras flatten space, bringing everything backward or forward toward a single plane that seems just beyond reach. The effect is calculated to eliminate the sense of three dimensions, an element that matters enormously in the relationship of humans to any room; and this flattening also gives each object in Cohen's rooms a roughly equivalent importance. With no people to lend these rooms the conventional balance (by sitting in chairs, for instance, and ignoring wall plugs), the effect is to dehumanize the scenery beyond its own cool artificiality. A government employment office, perfunctorily furnished with a desk, two chairs, and one of those monstrous potted plants that might as well be artificial, comes across with such intimidating bloodlessness that it seems impossible any empathy could ever invade the place. A department store after closing, at Christmastime—a few bits of tinsel, the requisite red-and-white stockings tacked to the wall, a TV lounge chair covered with a rumpled blanket where yet another bogus Santa spent his delusory day—silently mocks the thinness of our commercial rituals.

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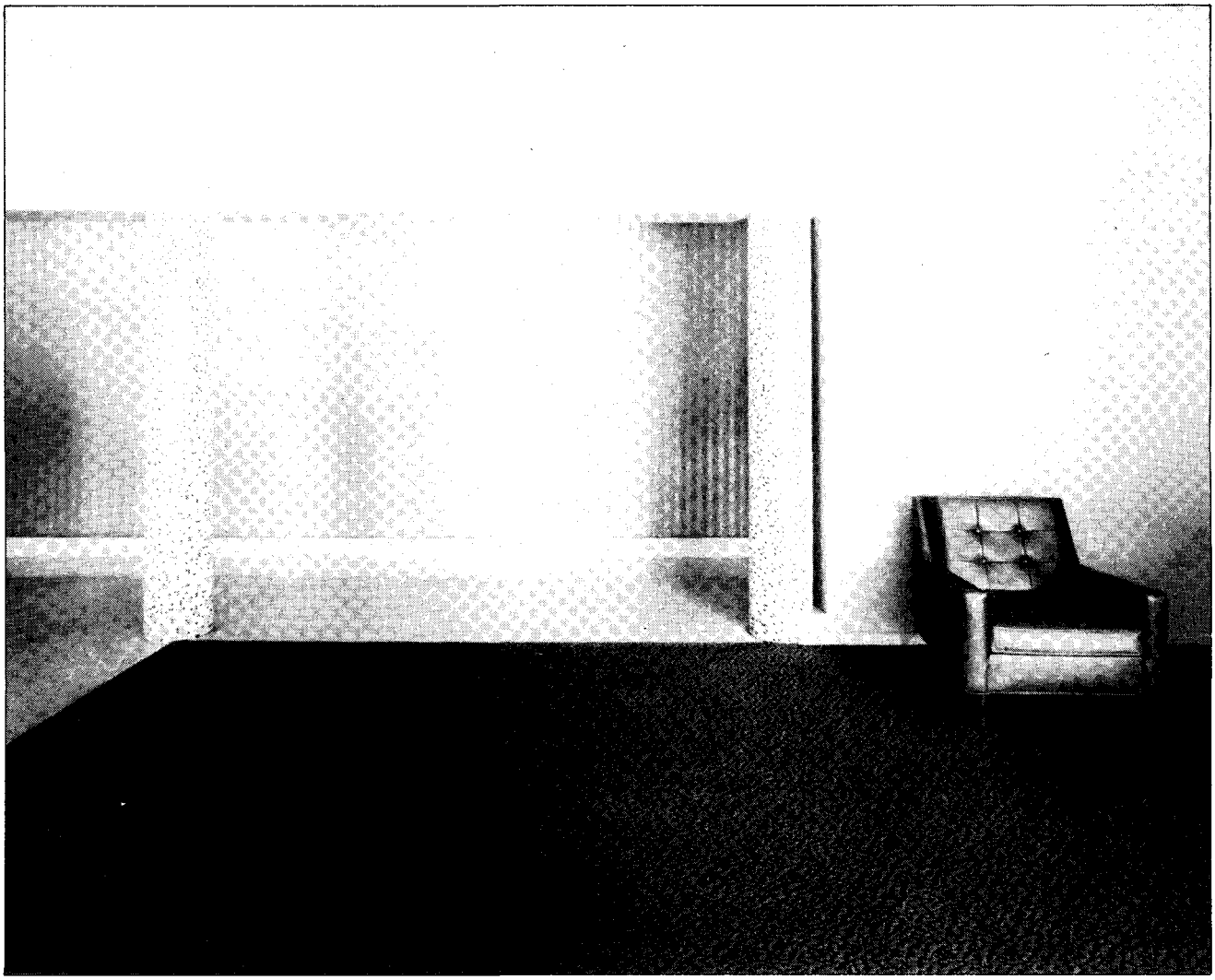

Apartment lobby, Hamilton, Ontario, 1977—"A bloodlessness that no empathy could ever invade."

Perhaps the most disturbing interiors are those where people meet to celebrate... what? The momentary surcease of monotony, perhaps, or the faint echoes of roots with "Italian Nights" and Oktoberfests. These dismal collages of balloons, crepe paper, slapped-together bandstands, and hokey props (a giant papier-mâché Tyrolean hat for the Alpine Society's yearly bash, an eagle crest for the German Club) are all the more hollow in their emptiness because of the forced gaiety of their pending (or just past) gatherings. Cohen makes us confront these void arenas as if we were the first partygoers to arrive on the scene and fills us with the dour realization that no amount of band music, no gusts of joke-provoked laughter, will ever fill these vast, cheerless halls.

Inevitably, there are a few private living rooms in the survey, and though these pictures are no less carefully crafted than the rest of Cohen's work, they are too obvious and easy (and perhaps too smugly conspiratorial). However appalling and tacky we may find a small, neat room with its bullfight posters, plaster praying hands, fake fireplace, Fiberglas drapes, and sad little flowered chair, this room is no more than the manifestation of a need to have a space labeled "me." We laugh, or condescend, at some risk, since the need is common to us all; and a reproduction of Rodin's "The Thinker" is no more a cliché than a Mies van der Rohe chair—just cheaper. The public places, because they are meant to appeal to large numbers of diverse people, are evidence of modern, technocratic society's negation of the senses.

Frankly, it would be easy for me to dislike Lynne Cohen's photographs. Like pictures of protestors putting daisies in the gun barrels of soldiers or of beer-bloated spectators at stock car races, their statement is pat and obvious. Seen unsympathetically, they have an uninviting archness about them. But no one who has ever found himself in the unnerving swamp of a motel dining room, where nothing, from the "nondairy creamer" to the styrofoam ceiling beams to the fabric in the waitress's uniform, was what it pretended to be, can ignore Cohen's disenchanting vision.

Times are crass. The public places we are bound to experience yet helpless to humanize offer ever colder comfort, and at their worst—as with Cohen's bleak interiors—they rime the soul.

Amid all the Weldwood, polyester, Fiberglas, linoleum, Naugahyde, Formica, and plastics of a hundred kinds, Cohen whispers, there can be no ghosts, only the longing of the living for ages and spaces past. ●

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THE MOVIES

The Great Charlie Chaplin

by Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.

FACED WITH the late spring's dreary trickle of new films, New Yorkers may perhaps be pardoned for having taken a fresh look at some old ones. Among the revivals, Chaplin's *A Woman of Paris* and the Lubitsch series at the Metropolitan Museum must take first place. I trust that they will be sent on national tour.

A Woman of Paris has been unavailable in recent years. Its release now, in an excellent new print with a score composed by Chaplin himself, has caused great excitement among local cineasts. I do not suppose that it survives in quite the same sense that contemporaneous works survive—Cummings's *Enormous Room*, for example, or Willa Cather's *A Lost Lady*. Compared to the novels, it is unmistakably a period piece. The conventions of 1923—the lachrymose beginning, the sententious subtitles, the simple-minded melodramatics of the plot—are more obtrusive in film than in fiction, and the innovations, more covert. Yet as one moves beyond the contrivances, one is suddenly aware of a comic vision of enormous style and originality.

This vision is so startlingly different from what audiences expect of Chaplin that the film disappointed on its initial release and has never quite won its proper place in the Chaplin canon in the years since. Instead of the little tramp, low life, slapstick, and the usual Chaplin effects, *A Woman of Paris* is an essay in high comedy, worldly and sophisticated, with strong undercurrents of satire and melancholy.

The film comes into its own after about 18 minutes, when Adolphe Menjou saunters into a Paris restaurant. With his insouciant manner, sardonic smile, arched eyebrows, waxen moustache, with his air of cynical imperturbability—whether smoking cigarettes, eating bonbons, or playing a saxophone—with the mockery that extends, one feels, to himself as well as to the world, Menjou beautifully embodies the Chaplin vision of blithe but jaded decadence. In a later time, Menjou's deplorable politics kept high-minded critics, I fear, from awarding him his full due as an actor. Nevertheless he has given a series of superb performances through the years, as in *The Front Page*, *The Milky Way*, *Paths of Glory*. But nothing he did excelled his performance under Chaplin's direction in *A Woman of Paris*.

Edna Purviance, who plays the heroine, is matronly by contemporary standards and at times bears a disconcerting resemblance to Margaret Dumont. She is nonetheless effective in a stately way as the woman of Paris, torn between an impecunious artist and the wealthy roué—a choice, the subtitle informs us, of "marriage or luxury." She is shocked to read about Menjou's engagement to an heiress. "It makes no difference to us," Menjou cheerfully observes. "We can go on just the same." With quick strokes and a kind of classical simplicity, Chaplin shows the bird fluttering in the gilded cage, throwing her necklace out the window in a gesture of defiance, then rushing downstairs to snatch it back from the tramp who has picked it up on the street. Menjou meanwhile blows away on his saxophone.

"You never take me seriously," she complains. Nor does he. He takes nothing seriously. After the artist's suicide, she returns to a simple country life. In the last scene, she rides with an orphan child on the back of a horse-drawn wagon as Menjou speeds by in a high-powered automobile. They do not see each other. They had never seen each other.

A Woman of Paris, with its grace, fluidity, and power of suggestion, opened up a world of high comedy to the movies. One can see why Lubitsch so much adored it and why he developed its mood in his own brilliant comedies of the later Twenties and the Thirties. So it was appropriate that the revival of *A Woman of Paris* was accompanied by a Lubitsch season at the Metropolitan Museum. Though *Ninotchka* was inexplicably omitted, most of the others were there—*Trouble in Paradise*, with its subtle and ironic symmetries of plot and characterization; *The Shop Around the Corner*, with its sparkling blend of Viennese gaiety and sentiment; *To Be or Not to Be*, the best of black comedies, in which the anti-Nazi satire seemed to some in the dark days of 1942 frivolous but which in retrospect is a dazzling triumph.

One wonders what happened to the tradition of *A Woman of Paris* after Lubitsch. Where is the high comedy of our own time? We have no contemporary Lubitsch, nor do we have players in the witty style of Menjou, Carole Lombard, William Powell, Miriam Hopkins, Kay Francis, Herbert Marshall, Melvin Douglas, Cary Grant, Robert Montgomery, Roland Young, Charles Butterworth, Edward Everett Horton, and those other high-polish comedians of the 1930s.

No doubt if the demand existed, the directors and players would appear. Perhaps television has slowed up the perceptions of the mass audience. Andrew Sarris remarked the other day that his students are baffled by the work of Preston Sturges. The Sturges films simply have too many jokes, nuances, implications, innuendos, for a generation used to television sitcom and one point at a time. The comic modes of yesteryear require them to absorb too much too quickly.

One wonders too whether the new freedom of the movies has not had as an unforeseen consequence a catastrophic decline in irony, subtlety, and suggestion. Chaplin and Lubitsch had to work within the challenge of limitations. The limitations were often asinine, but they tested the ingenuity of directors, writers, and actors. Vernacular films were more carefully written, their dialogue considerably more vivid and arresting, in those days before Anglo-Saxon monosyllables became de rigueur. Similarly, the shot of Herbert Marshall thoughtfully eyeing Kay Francis's bed in *Trouble in Paradise* is a good deal sexier than the two lying on the bed locked in steamy embrace would have been. Uninhibited profanity, sex, and violence give filmmakers too easy an out.

I am not arguing, God knows, for a return to the Legion of Decency. But a little self-restraint might stimulate creativity. As Goethe said, the master proves himself within his limitations. ◉

Answer to Middleton Double-Crostic No. 150

Robert Frost:
Questioning Faces

The winter owl banked just in time to pass
And save herself from breaking window glass.
And her wings straining suddenly aspread
Caught color from the last of evening red
In a display of underdown and quill
To glassed-in children at the window sill.

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TELEVISION

Immodest Proposals for PBS

by Karl E. Meyer

WITH THE DOG DAYS upon us and as an antidote to rerun ennui, I offer without charge these five suggestions for innovative programming to the Public Broadcasting Service (PBS). Any corporate underwriter who takes up these ideas will be the recipient of a lifetime subscription to *Saturday Review*—at the author's expense should higher authority demur.

Television Week in Review. A common complaint about the print media is that it is unfair to television because (as Eric Sevareid recently reminded us) critics are envious, hypocritical, and incompetent. I would be the last to disagree about the inadequacy of television criticism, but even Sevareid—in a speech, excerpted in *The New York Times*, to a publisher's conference—conceded that the networks show little talent for self-criticism.

A remedy could be provided by PBS in the form of a Friday night program titled *Television Week in Review*, an appropriate companion to those long-running fixtures *Washington Week in Review* and *Wall Street Week*. The notion is very simple: a critical look, illustrated with film clips, at the best and the worst on the tube during the week.

Plainly, the host should be a paragon—a commentator with unimpeachable video credentials and a reputation for fairness, knowledgeability, and acerbity. I have a candidate: Edwin Newman, of NBC. It would be a memorable coup if PBS could lure Newman away from a network that has let this first-class professional languish in the limbo of occasional specials and *Today* show essays. (Newman's superb *Land of Hype and Glory*, a documentary on the supersell techniques in Hollywood and along Publisher's Row, was one of the better events of the past season.)

The Fonz, in French. We are, as everyone knows, a monoglot nation with a deplorable lack of interest in foreign languages. Colleges and universities periodically lament the decline of student interest in the major European tongues, dead or alive. Part of the problem, I believe, is that youngsters are exposed to other languages almost exclusively through deadly academic studies of the classics or through Berlitz-style dialogues ("How many cousins have you studying English in the pretty cemetery three meters from this restaurant?").

The salt and savor of the vernacular is what imparts life to desiccated grammar. By chance, the other day I saw a PBS program on Paris in a series called *Visa*, which included a too-brief glimpse of *Happy Days*, dubbed in French. It was an aural revelation. Henry Winkler, who plays Fonzie in the top-rated ABC show, sounds and looks better in a Gallic context (indeed, Winkler has a raffish Mediterranean quality, half-Gabin and half-Belmondo).

Why not broadcast on PBS the French version of *Happy Days*, with subtitles and with a preface explaining the racier idioms? Winkler could do more for the language of Descartes than he did for that of Shakespeare in an inept ABC special in which he wrestled with Elizabethan English and got hammerlocked.

Gentle Grafter. Last summer, many PBS stations broadcast a fine BBC series based on the stories of P. G. Wodehouse and featuring the same actors in each playlet. As I watched, thoroughly beguiled, I wondered why American television has so inexcusably neglected our national equivalent—short story writer William Sydney Porter (1862–1910), an ex-con better known under his pen name, O. Henry.

Like Wodehouse, O. Henry was an unashamed entertainer whose stories appeared in the popular magazines. His very popularity possibly explains why he is today in critical oblivion: In this country (unlike in England), canons of taste are fixed by academics. Thus it was that PBS last year produced a series called *The American Short Story*, in which O. Henry was unforgivably omitted—a panel of professors had helped select the anthology.

True enough, the trick endings in his stories came to be mechanical. But, as a convicted bank embezzler himself, O. Henry had a wonderful understanding of the corrupt underside of American life, as explored in *Gentle Grafter* and *Cabbages and Kings*. I can envision a series in the spirit of *The Sting*, featuring (who else?) Robert Redford and Paul Newman.

The Video Boneyard. For sheer profligacy, no medium of communications can top television, in which hundreds of thousands of dollars are spent on episodes that are never aired.

A few years ago, PBS was somehow able to broadcast the unshown episodes of the CBS series *Beacon Hill*, a casualty in Nielsen Gulch. I have an immodest proposal. Why couldn't a producer stipulate in contracts that if a network cancels a series, any remaining finished productions can be offered to PBS? In most cases, the boneyard remains would not be in great demand, but the leftovers could, on occasion, be pure gold. In any event, the possibility of broadcast would help to obviate the awful frustrations of pointless labor for production teams.

The Czech Gambit. Nothing is more tedious on PBS than those intolerable and interminable fund-raising appeals. Is reform possible? While pondering this question, I remembered an entrancing feature of Expo '67, in Montreal, at the Czech pavilion—a trick movie in which viewers could vote on twists in the plot. Every contingency was foreseen, so that if the audience pressed a button ordering the heroine to rebuff the hero's advances, the film would proceed accordingly.

It is surely not beyond the wit of producers to devise a melodrama in which PBS subscribers could vote—as they telephoned in their pledges—on five or six pivotal plot developments. Is the East Coast more unsentimental than the West Coast? Through a PBS vote on such a trick program, we could attempt to find out. My nominee to confect this tour de force would be the Czech-born playwright Tom Stoppard, author of *Travesties* and of the fine BBC drama *Professional Fault*, set in post-Dubček Prague. ●

Fraser Young
Literary Crypt No. 111

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. *Answer on page 37.*

X B F P K Y K W C L G K -
W F P K Q T O W Q R L -
W L P X L P B T O P
I L Y L E I O Q Q K C J -
H T E P W T C L Q Z L Q F -
Q P W T O Q .

— I T K P B K

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THEATER

Skimping on Skills in the Musical Theater

by Martin Gottfried

THE ECONOMICS of the Broadway musical have gotten so out of hand that its creators are being forced to do what they should have been doing a long time ago: Look for alternative kinds of music theater. For traditional musicals, with stars and choruses and lavish scenery and a big pit orchestra, can no longer be produced with frequency. Even a spectacular show like *On the Twentieth Century* has had to do without a full-size chorus, and it nevertheless cost a million dollars. Producers can raise this kind of money, for a million dollars today is what $700,000 was a mere five years ago. But a producer cannot recoup his investment unless a show plays to sold-out houses for nearly a year. Since there is so much chance involved in the production of a big musical, Broadway has lately been seeing a spate of small ones.

It is indeed spring when the theater's fancy turns to musicals. Producers delay them until just before the annual Tony Awards, hoping that nationally televised publicity will get the shows off and running. Four musicals opened within a single week in mid-May, and the only one that failed outright was the one that aspired to traditional size. They all suggested that Broadway may be confusing economy of budgeting with economy of craftsmanship.

The biggest hit was the best of the new shows, a fortunate coincidence. This was *Ain't Misbehavin'*, an exercise in the Thirties and Forties Harlem style disguised as a Fats Waller retrospective. With but five performers and a small orchestra, all presented on a stage bandstand, this plotless, speechless show runs through songs written by or associated with Waller. Its magic lies in the consistency of its style, the perpetual theatricality of its dance staging, and the perfection of the era's recapture: struts and jitterbugs, song phrasing, clothes, and mannerisms. Adorned with upswept hairdos and bright-colored shoes, sassing along from the speakeasy Thirties to wartime innocence, *Ain't Misbehavin'* looks as if it just stepped off an old poster. It is only at the end that racial bitterness is introduced; Waller's "Black and Blue" is sung by a cast that is motionless and dead serious. *Ain't Misbehavin'* is ingeniously conceived and perfectly executed theater, a different-size musical that doesn't even try to pretend that it is the big, old-fashioned sort.

"Nothing's for dinner. I couldn't stand the heat, so I stayed out of the kitchen."

Angel, on the other hand, did pretend. Who nowadays would make a musical of a famous but essentially literary novel like Thomas Wolfe's *Look Homeward Angel* (and call it *Angel* in the bargain)? Rodgers and Hammerstein might have—and this show tried to imitate them in a nickel-and-dime way. Although *Angel*'s creators had gotten away with such murder a few years ago with their successful *Shenandoah*, this time the cheap sentiment and cheap music and cheap show making were too blatant. The musical closed after five performances.

Then there is *Runaways*, presumably a fresh, informal musical. This is another plotless show, but rather than aiming to be merely entertainment, it tries to be socially instructive—and with teen-age performers at that. Hello, nausea. The runaway kids in *Runaways* talk about the family lives they fled but say little. Mostly, they sing. Elizabeth Swados, who wrote and directed the show, is an avant-garde composer who seems to believe that rhythm is more important to a song than melody or harmony. The notion is not amusing when one has to listen to her songs.

I dealt with *Runaways* when it was Off Broadway and coy enough. Having moved uptown, where the precious is not mistaken for the valuable, it is positively obnoxious, an insult to audiences, to stage professionals, and even to the youngsters it patronizes. This is merchandised social comment and serves to illustrate a new style of Broadway theater—the amateurish.

Working, on the other hand, is genuinely different even though its biographical musical numbers, like those in *Runaways*, give the show a formal resemblance to *A Chorus Line*. *Working* is actually an intelligent musical, dealing with a substantial subject and providing that quality so rare on Broadway: contact with reality. Studs Terkel's best-selling book is a series of interviews with blue-collar workers. The project was a fascinating one in that Terkel got his subjects to talk about their work. We tend to identify people by their jobs: call the waiter; give the money to the bank teller; ask the bus driver. Yet we don't *think* much about other people's jobs, or realize what they entail.

Stephen Schwartz, a composer-lyricist (*Godspell*, and so forth), has made a musical of these workers' monologues. Each member of the *Working* company takes a turn impersonating one of Terkel's subjects. Each of the characters has a job—be it as a fireman, a factory worker, a teacher, a truck driver—and an attitude toward it—justification, resentment, pragmatism, pride. We learn not only about the work but about the person doing it. Never again can one respond to a cashier without sensing the individual there.

The show has songs, many of them ingratiating, and energetic dances. Produced in a stylized way, with props and slides and lighting doing the work of scenery, it is good looking in a professional way. Mind you, *Working* has real faults. It has no dynamics or tension and runs out of steam in the second act. But it is very often interesting and stimulating and adult and maintains the spirit of musical theater. Also, there are those of us who appreciate a show for grown-ups even if it isn't the living end. Still, there is an irony here. Except for *Ain't Misbehavin'* (because its songs are old), *Working* is the only one of these shows that even approaches professionalism in directing, composing, and lyric writing. Yet in the past, New York musicals exemplified craftsmanship. Their songs certainly set America's standard. Although the size of a musical should have nothing to do with its craftsmanship, in fear of inflation Broadway may be skimping on the skills that have been its pride. ●

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Grand Opera on Television

by Irving Kolodin

THE REPEATED presence recently of TV cameras in both of New York's opera theaters calls for more than the routine "bravo!" that today rewards a merely passable performance of an aria. We need, that is, something more like "banzai!" for the longer lens cameras that enable TV to work with normal theater lighting, and we need a "hip-hip, hooray!" for the helping hand of PBS. Together, these lenses and this network have brought rejoicing to millions who have now seen opera live in their homes and who can look forward to more of the same next winter.

However, not every forward step is a step forward. At two late-season performances that were telecast, an unexpected quantity of empty seats was visible in the two theaters from which the programs emanated. Clearly some cost conscious folk preferred a free home view of Mascagni's *Cavalleria Rusticana* and Leoncavallo's *Pagliacci* to buying a ticket to the Met to hear Placido Domingo take on the rare challenge of singing both tenor roles. At the New York State Theater, the same was true of Gian-Carlo Menotti's *The Saint of Bleecker Street*.

For the moment, the monetary-risk factor that innovation breeds is being absorbed by outside income: Last season's Metropolitan TV trio—Verdi's *Rigoletto*, Mozart's *Don Giovanni*, and the double bill of "Cav and Pag," mentioned above—were underwritten to the amount of a million dollars. One quarter of this sum was provided by a grant from the National Endowment for the Arts; the rest, by the Met's long-time radio sponsor, Texaco.

Next season, *Live from Lincoln Center*, which, among other things, telecasts the New York City Opera's performances, will have $1.4 million (from several sources, including Exxon) to spend on a six-part series that will take in ballet and concerts as well as opera. The higher rate per performance for *Live from the Met* relates to the number of personnel, greater production expenses, and double fees (one from TV, one from the Met) for the top singing celebrities—as much as $12,000 rather than $6,000 for the golden, or silver, sound of a world famous name. From the $1.4 million, the Met also derives what one of its executives describes as "a modest income."

These million-dollar sums are considered seed money aimed at creating a wider awareness of such cultural subject matter. The Met's "Cav and Pag" double bill brought in nearly 50,000 requests for a free offering of the Opera Guild's publication, *Opera News*. If half of the respondents become contributors to the Met or customers for an expanded tour, the effort of the Met and the outlay of Texaco will have been well rewarded.

As entertainment, last season's series from both sources cannot be faulted as a huge service to millions otherwise denied such access. As opera, however, even the best of the six offerings can be rated only as a good first step toward what is contained in the New York City Opera's *Manon* with Beverly Sills or the Met's *Rigoletto*—let alone *Don Giovanni*. Here, the reasons are all too obvious. If on TV the camera has to go to a long view of the don's party in the act one finale, thus reducing to dwarfs a stageful of people, or if it must come in for a close-up of only a fraction of the partygoers, that isn't *Don Giovanni*.

Nor is it any part of a proper "live" performance to hear (as an informed observer reports) the answer given by Enrico Di Giuseppe (Michele in *The Saint*) to director Francis Rizzo's criticism of him for being "out of character" in act three. Quoth Di Giuseppe, "I wasn't on camera" (as though the paying audience deserved nothing better). Similarly, Placido Domingo's Turridu in *Cavalleria* sounded much better on a rerun of the TV version than it had in the theater. Probable reason: He was singing to the mikes rather than to the audience.

These, of course, are the folkways that cling to operatic performers, whatever the circumstances. These habits are bad enough in ordinary circumstances; at double fees, they are intolerable and should be policed.

To me, the best of all the "live" performances was Menotti's *The Consul*, taped in Charleston, South Carolina, during last year's Spoleto Festival U.S.A. Much of the performance's success related to the skillful camera work of Kirk Browning, who has been fine tuning his perceptions since the experimental days of NBC-TV opera, in the Fifties. Some of it had to do with the telegenic qualities of *The Consul*—few people, compact scenes, concentrated action. But more of it had to do with Browning's well-developed professional views on the subject (he had overseen the camera work in Met and City opera telecasts).

Asked about this taping and other matters pertaining to the state of the art, Browning replied, "I don't delude myself that this is an art form. It is reportage: catching the raw energy of the performance with something that will 'read' on the screen. You liked *The Consul*? Naturally I'm pleased. But I must say that this performance was set up *for* TV, with four cameras placed wherever we wanted to put them and with an invited audience that understood the ground rules." Queried on the question of close-ups and broad-scene shots, he responded, "Of course, if we all had wall-size screens, it could be different. Right now, we have to concentrate on such a strong face and strong performance as Marvelee Cariaga presented as Magda Sorel in *The Consul* to hold an audience's attention for a whole evening."

Browning was a cameraman in the mid-Fifties when a young, all-but-unknown singer named Leontyne Price was seen in *Tosca* on NBC-TV. So he has accompanied televised "live" opera on its long upward path. If the next much-needed breakthrough is a large screen, please, for his sake and mine, don't make us wait *another* 20 years. ◉

Wit Twister No. 122

Edited by Arthur Swan

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word. *Answers on page 37.*

A famous — — — — — —
rules the stage alone.
He — — — — — — until a
new star claims the throne,
But must — — — — — —
with semblance of good grace
When this young contract — —
— — — — takes his place.

Contributed by Mrs. Edward Mills, Gloversville, N.Y.

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DANCE

Erik Bruhn as the Undisputed Rasputin

by Walter Terry

Fort Worth, Texas

HER IMPERIAL HIGHNESS the Grand Duchess Anastasia Nikolayevna Romanova was present in imperious person—or was it Mrs. John Manahan of Charlottesville, Virginia? On hand also were people dressed as Czar Nicholas II, Czarina Alexandra, Prince Yussupov, Lenin, and Rasputin. The occasion for the gathering was the world premiere (following workshop presentations) of James Clouser's *Rasputin—The Holy Devil*, a three-act rock ballet starring Erik Bruhn, one of the great classical dancers of our age, and featuring the Fort Worth Ballet and Space/Dance/Theatre accompanied by St. Elmo's Fire Band. The ballet, produced in cooperation with Texas Christian University, was given in the vast Tarrant County Convention Center Theatre.

Mrs. Manahan, once known as Anna Anderson, is the author of *I Am Anastasia* and the subject of a play, a movie, a television drama, and a full-length ballet (Kenneth MacMillan's *Anastasia*, for Britain's Royal Ballet). She and her husband were flown to Fort Worth by private plane and booked into the presidential suite of the Hilton Hotel as guests of Charles Tandy, chairman of the board of Tandy Corporation, and Lewis F. Kornfeld, president of Radio Shack. Following the ballet premiere, the grand duchess was a special guest at "A Mad Russian Night," at Tandy Center.

Although the diminutive grand duchess—with carrot-red hair, regal manner, and an uncanny resemblance to photographs of the young Anastasia—was very much the center of attraction at the reception, the undisputed star of the evening, as he has been for three decades, was Bruhn.

Rasputin represented a major departure in technique and style for Bruhn, who earned international fame as the finest *premier danseur noble* of our era during his long years of association with the Royal Danish Ballet, the American Ballet Theatre, and other major ballet troupes. At fifty, and following a three-year period of near incapacitation because of back problems, Bruhn's virtuoso days are behind him. In recent seasons therefore, he has brought his unique skills to such mime roles as old Dr. Coppelius in *Coppélia*, Madge the witch in the Danish *La Sylphide*, and the title part in Fokine's *Petrouchka*. He has also begun to explore the modern dance field in works by the late José Limón (*The Moor's Pavane*, with the American Ballet Theatre, and *Missa Brevis*, with the José Limón Dance Company)—much as his celebrated junior colleague and good friend Rudolf Nureyev has done in works by Martha Graham and Murray Louis.

Buddy Myers

As far as the rock *Rasputin* is concerned, Bruhn says, "I feel perfectly natural in the movements Jim Clouser gave me. I don't feel out of place nor does the style seem like alien territory. I found that I could do all the movements—and they were difficult and exhausting!—except for lifts, and that was because of my bad back. But we didn't need to do lifts anyway. Rasputin wasn't the lifting sort. He embraced everyone just as he embraced life itself.

"I wouldn't have been interested in the role if it had been an updating of old-style ballets, with dance-step, act, act, act, dance-step, act some more, and so on. But Jim conceived the acting and the action in terms of dance movement: seamless. Also, I was fascinated with his concept of Rasputin. I believe as Jim does that Rasputin wasn't all evil, that his carnal side was not a sin but a manifestation of life. After all, the lust for life is carnal as well as physical."

In *Rasputin—The Holy Devil*, Bruhn is required to make full use of his still remarkable physical skills—in multiple pirouettes; leaps; leg extensions; falls; and monumental, majestic gestures—and to expend almost shocking explosions of energy in the dramatization of an incredible lust for life that defied bullets, beatings, poisoning, drowning.

At the opening performance, the Grand Duchess Anastasia-Mrs. Manahan saw an interpretation of the events leading to the Russian Revolution that depicted her father, Czar Nicholas II, as a benevolent monarch who was close to his people; her mother, the Czarina Alexandra, as a mother not only to an ailing son but to the Russian peasants; Prince Yussupov as the symbol of a decadent aristocracy that separated the imperial family from

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the people; Lenin as the Marxist who changed peasants into revolutionaries in order to destroy the aristocracy; and Rasputin as the mystic who united body and soul, the spiritual and the carnal, heaven and earth, royalty and proletariat in a massive life communion that was celebrated in a vast religio-sexual experience.

The ballet incorporates and even melds a wide variety of dance techniques. In the Yussupov Charade, the Imperial Ballet appears in the most elegant and classical steps that juxtapose the ballet pointe with the flexed foot of the peasant folk dancer. In Rasputin's Charade, the monk is assisted by a corps of carnal angels who shed their diaphanous robes deliberately or tear them off in ecstasy. Here Bruhn achieves a remarkable dual image as a genuflection becomes an amorous bending over a "fallen angel," a benediction turns into an embrace, and a victim is somehow transformed into a willing celebrant.

Rasputin has its flaws, chiefly those of obscure meanings, but there is immense power in its very roughness and a curiously cathartic passion in its crudities. There are delicious bits of ironic humor—such as the set of rock lyrics accompanying the final assassination attempts on the monk, when a singularly pure voice sings, "Don't take this personally."

Whether or not *Rasputin—The Holy Devil* remains in Bruhn's repertory, it has represented a milestone in his career. He says that the only mime roles he will continue to do in traditional ballets are Coppelius and Madge. "I feel I can continue to grow in these parts, but I'm not interested in any of the other old ballets. I love dancing, and I want to go on dancing for the rest of my life if I can find the roles. Jim gave me the kind I want in *Rasputin*, and he has another ballet in mind for me. I also feel that the Limón repertory is very suitable for me right now."

At the post-premiere party, all eyes were focused on Anastasia. The curious drew as close to her (as she sat in a thronelike chair) as they dared. Was she or wasn't she? The whisper went softly around the lavish reception room. Then the guest of honor entered. He remained standing of course. There were no whispers. The greeting of the select guests, as had the standing ovation of an entire audience earlier in the evening, made it quite clear that all knew they were in the presence of a genuine Prince of Ballet, Erik Bruhn, who is one of the great dancers of our age, standing on the threshold of a new career. ●

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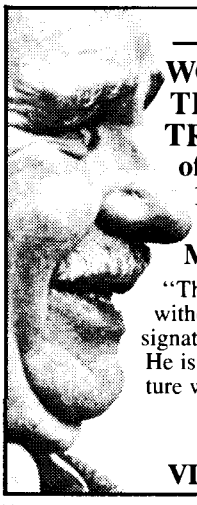
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Madness in the Deep

Altered States
by Paddy Chayefsky
Harper & Row, 192 pp., $8.95

The Scientist:
A Novel Autobiography
by John C. Lilly, M.D.
Lippincott, 256 pp., $10

Reviewed by Alan Harrington

ecstasy. *n* ... **1.** State of being beside oneself ... beyond all reason and self-control. ... **2.** Hence: **a** *Obs.* A swoon or trance. **b** A state of overmastering feeling, esp. joy; rapture of delight. **c** Violent distraction; madness.... **3.** In mystical language, a psychological state in which intense mental absorption in divine things is accompanied by loss [sic!] of sense perception and voluntary control. ... **4.** *Med.* A morbid [!] condition of the nervous system marked by mental exaltation, suspension of voluntary motion, and depression of the vital actions....
—*Webster's New International Dictionary*, Unabridged, Second Edition, 1953

THE *WEBSTER* people couldn't have imagined 25 years ago that mystical experience—once the business of holy men and women; religious hysterics; Hindus meditating in remote caves; witch doctors; artists crazed by neglect, grief, loneliness, starvation, or sleepless nights; and legions of certified lunatics—would shortly become commonplace. But that's exactly what happened in the late 1950s, when such mind-altering compounds as LSD-25, mescaline, and psilocybin made ecstatic voyages available to millions.

Now we have an astonishing development—a combining of drug-induced ecstasy with the scientific method. That is, ecstasy employed as a research tool—reputable scientists making use of carefully programmed visionary trips inside their own head; if you will, self-induced, voluntary madness as a means to discovery; ecstasy as a new discipline. Various drugs serve here as essential additives. The medium that leads the scientists to their desired visions or hallucinations—take your pick—is a "natural" one: sensory deprivation. The experimenter is immersed—initially without drugs, then perhaps tripping out on 300 micrograms of LSD—for hours on end in the black, tepid (93° F) water of an isolation tank.

The stunning discoveries that emerge from this deliberately induced derangement of consciousness are the subject of two remarkable books: *Altered States*, Paddy Chayefsky's first novel, and *The Scientist*, Dr. John Lilly's "novel autobiography." They might well be read one after the other, beginning with Chayefsky's fiction in order to prepare the way for Lilly's revelations, which many readers, despite the high order of his credentials, are going to find beyond belief.

Floating in blackness and drugged as well, Chayefsky's obsessed, visionary researcher, Dr. Eddie Jessup, and John Lilly, his own protagonist, report on their travels backward and forward in time. Selected herbs of madness help Jessup return to primeval, Jungian depths. He reexperiences—or, say, regresses in hallucination to—not only his own birth and coming to consciousness but also his prehistoric identity, the ape state, a scene of primeval earthquakes and the doomlike crack of dawning time. Lilly travels forward to A.D. 3001 and, it appears, sideways too in space-time to converse with a trio of remote "Beings" who see him as their agent on earth and who guide his destiny.

Now recall Lilly's pioneering work in communicating with dolphins and his eminence as a neurophysiologist, biophysicist, and psychoanalyst when you hear his psychiatrist, Robert, ask:

"So you are becoming aware that you tend to split into human being and extraterrestrial Being?"

Lilly: "Yes, I now immediately think of all sorts of psychiatric diagnoses of such states ... hypnotic regression and splitting ... psychotic episodes...."

Robert: "[But] your internal reality rejects psychiatric and psychoanalytic explanations for what has been happening to you...."

Lilly: "Yes. There seems to be something inadequate in these ready clinical explanations ... this seems beyond anything that is explainable by my present knowledge of science, psychoanalysis, and psychiatry. Somehow, something is going on that surpasses our present framework of thinking and explaining."

In their rigorously managed travels into our race's Collective Unconscious (Jung's concept, long since accepted by both writers), Chayefsky's psychophysiologist, Eddie Jessup, and Lilly have to be viewed, and reviewed, as pilgrims of a new kind. They are wired to elaborate EEG and EKG equipment. Their progress is monitored by colleagues every moment of the way. They shout, moan, laugh, and cry out in wonder. Their tape-recorded voices from the isolation tank tell of blissful, monstrous, and horrifying encounters.

Our questions must be, How is one to judge the validity of such voyages? Are they merely hallucinations? If we believe they are, how can we account for their sources? Where in the world can these shockingly clear evolutionary reenactments be coming from? As Lilly puts it, does the brain contain the mind,

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or is there a Universal Mind whose images are race-wide and recoverable only in ecstatic flights? One's own vocabulary may determine the verdict. "Hallucination," for example, dismisses both Muhammad's visions and Paul's revelations on the road to Damascus as *not* real. But for Muhammad, Saint Paul, this or that yogi, William Blake, Emanuel Swedenborg, Allen Ginsberg, you, or me—if we have even once seen a paradise or a hell open up in enormous, splendid colors or listened to voices no one else could hear, that experience (whether brought on by drugs, sensory deprivation, or other causes) may remain more profoundly real than the memory of most events we've encountered in the daily round.

Altered States is a headlong, fascinating account of repeated trips taken by Jessup "back through collapsing veils of time." In programmed genetic regression, "I reverted to some proto-human state ... for four hours I had shown the physical properties of man-ape. The next day, I was absolutely normal." (Lilly reports one of his research associates undergoing a similar transformation.)

Exalted, maddened, an Ahab hunting down the mystery of human consciousness (perhaps, biblically, our demon of the deep), Jessup begins each session with a psychedelic drink synthesized from Mexican mushrooms. He then lowers himself into the isolation tank, where he floats evermore deeply into his own interior space-time as he searches for "the Self, the individual Mind that contains immortality and ultimate truth."

His associates and his wife, an anthropologist, accompany him partway, but they fear that his academic reputation, career, and finally his sanity will be destroyed by these obsessive returns to the tank.

"We've localized it, haven't we!" Jessup shouted back." ... It's somewhere in those hundred odd billion neural and glial cells in our minds!... If there is an Original Consciousness or a Jungian consciousness or whatever the hell you want to call it.... Memory is energy! It doesn't disappear. It's still in there!

"I'm a man in search of his true self. How archetypically American can you get? Everybody's looking for his true self. We're all trying to fulfill ourselves, understand ourselves, get a hold of ourselves, face the reality of ourselves, explore ourselves, expand ourselves. Ever since we dispensed with God, we've got nothing but our selves to explain this meaningless horror of life.... Well, I think that true self... that first self, is a real, mensurate, quantifiable thing, tangible and incarnate. And I'm going to find the fucker."

There follows a biological and anthropological thriller that starts in Eddie Jessup's head but doesn't stay there. *Altered States* never lets up, sweeps us along, back to the mud, slime, upheaving mountains, monster animals, and exploding cells of our awesome beginning. Jessup says:

"The possibility that a ten-million-year-old substance can take form seems to terrify you. You've got to stop thinking about time and space as if they were inviolable.... They are postulates of the conscious mind!... In outer space, there is no difference between a split second and a billion years! Why the hell should there be any difference in our inner space? We've got millions of years stored away in that computer bank we call our minds! We've got trillions of dormant genes in us, our whole evolutionary past. Perhaps I've tapped into that."

Indeed he has, and in a sequence of shattering episodes Jessup actually brings his prehistoric being back with him to the world of 1977. What makes this shocking fantasy work is not only Chayefsky's dramatic skill—which one would expect from the author of *Marty*, *The Tenth Man*, *Hospital*, *Network*, and so many other plays and film scripts—but also the authority of his prodigious research in chemistry, biology, and medicine.

Altered States does offer a few passages of spectacularly bad writing, notably in the rendering of crude and quick sexual bouts. Also, Jessup and his companions affect a sometimes annoying locker room vernacular, as if to prove themselves he-men. But in the main, Chayefsky's outpouring of high energy drives the narrative on. He has not been afraid to take on an immensely difficult subject. The result is a marvelous and exciting work of the imagination.

The hero of *Altered States* might have been modeled on Dr. John Lilly—it would be surprising if Chayefsky were not familiar with Lilly's isolation tank experiments and with at least some of this distinguished researcher's earlier books: *Man and Dolphin*, *The Center of the Cyclone*, *Programming and Metaprogramming in the Human Biocomputer*, and *Lilly on Dolphins*.

In *The Scientist*, Lilly injects himself with a substance identified only as *K* before descending into the isolation tank. He is trying to determine whether the activities of the brain may be "autorhythmic," that is, whether images unrelated to individual experience come into a person's head—perhaps from a Common Memory—when he is cut off from sensory input.

Lilly reports that he enters another world, populated by superior Beings who seem to have a life of their own.

As he lay in the tank ... he began to value these inner experiences more than he did his relationships with the external world and other persons.

"Somehow I am being programmed by sources far greater than the human. In my old terminology, super-self metaprogramming is taking place. I am doing these experiments at the behest of someone or something far greater than I or the human species ... some sort of teachers or guides who are insisting that I pursue this particular mission."

He learns of an "extraterrestrial network of solid-state intelligences" out to corrupt and conquer the human race. Only the dolphins and whales are aware of this, and they try to warn him. The malignant solid-state forms, which hate salt water because it corrodes them, have impelled us to slaughter: "He finally understood the killing of whales and dolphins as part of the programming [from] the solid-state intelligences." His wife and colleagues grow uneasy. He is being "seduced by *K*." Lilly receives a message from the comet Kahoutek warning of a communications blackout at Los Angeles airport, which takes place 30 seconds later. He hears dolphins talking to him. His wife pleads: "John, you must get help. *K* has taken over your life," and he is persuaded to sign himself into a psychiatric retreat. Finally, concluding his experiments, Lilly returns intact, cool, lucid from his extraordinary voyage.

Thinking back, he wonders: "Was it all merely a dream, an imaginary situation, a science-fiction script?... Is direct inner experience truer than direct outer experience?" And later: "Are the three Beings real?... Am I being advised by them?... Is my mind merely the computations of my brain? [Or] is there something in me extending beyond me, as has so often been promised by my inner realities?"

Thus we come to a new rebellion against our meaningless mortal state, a new spirit of inquiry. The goal is not only to be born again but to prove that we have lived many lives in the past—a built-in guarantee of being born many times over in an endless future. Waiting for Godot is no longer good enough. Sartre was wrong. There *is* now an exit from the human condition to other states of being—a flight into do-it-yourself immortality achieved by designed madness (with return). ◉

Among Alan Harrington's recent books are The Immortalist, Psychopaths, *and earlier this year, the novel* Paradise I *(Little, Brown).*

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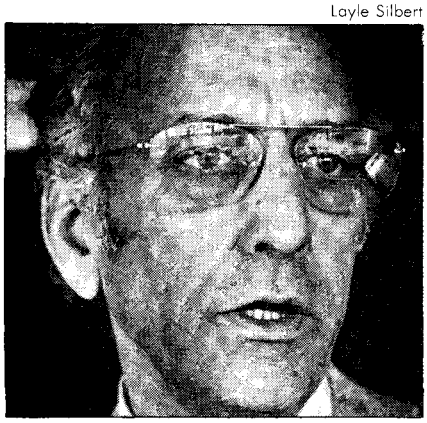
The Poetry of William Bronk

by Paul Auster

Layle Silbert



AMERICA swallows up its poets, hides them away, forgets them. Except for the few who become famous (often those of meager talent), the poet with no ax to grind or vogue to follow can expect little but neglect, or at best, the admiration of only his peers. No one is to blame for this. We are simply too vast, too chaotic to notice everything that passes before our eyes. Much of the finest poetry written today is published by small presses and seen by no more than a few hundred readers. That American poetry has historically found the sources of its greatest strengths in the self-published (Whitman, Charles Reznikoff) and the obscurely published (early Pound, early Williams, Olson) is an old story. It would be foolish to insist that only the unrecognized are worth reading, but it would be just as wrong to assume that the work published each week in *The New Yorker* (not to speak of each month in *Poetry*) represents contemporary American poetry at its best. We must make the effort to find out what is available.

Consider William Bronk. Now in his sixtieth year, with nine collections of poetry and one volume of essays behind him, he is thought by a handful of his peers to be one of the purest and most challenging poets we have. And yet his work is hardly known. There are several reasons for this obscurity. First of all, Bronk's poetry is difficult and demanding—severe enough perhaps to frighten off even the best-intentioned reader. Second, all but one of his books have been published in very small, elegant, and relatively expensive six-to-eight-dollar editions by Elizabeth Press (distributed by Serendipity Books, in California) and are not easily found. And finally, Bronk himself is an intensely private person who does not lead a literary life: He does nothing to promote his work, writes no articles, and gives few readings. Nevertheless, public response to his work has been increasing. In the past few years, *The New York Times Book Review* has published two enthusiastic reviews; a recent issue of *Parnassus* contains a long and appreciative essay; numerous little magazines have printed commentaries and homages; and in 1976 the poet Cid Corman, whose interest in Bronk goes back to the early Fifties, brought out a book-length study of Bronk's work.*

Bronk's is a poetry of extreme positions. Ruthlessly solipsistic in outlook, plain of speech, and ranging in tone from the most bitter irony to the most gentle lyricism, nearly all his work revolves around a few essential problems and themes: the rift between our image of the world and the reality of the world, the force of desire, the agony of human relationships, our perception of nature. Some readers complain that Bronk's vision is too bleak, that it leaves one destitute, without hope. But like Samuel Beckett (who is perhaps more spiritually akin to Bronk than is any other contemporary writer), Bronk has an uncompromising approach to the things that haunt and obsess him that is in the end more salutary than depressing; for by compelling us to stare ourselves in the face, he brings us closer to what we are. His is a philosophical poetry, defiantly taking risks, whispering and screaming against the silence that surrounds it. Bronk takes nothing for granted. He wants, quite simply, to come to grips with the given.

Bronk's basic premise is that there is no inherent order or truth to the world, that whatever form or shape we feel it possesses is the one we ourselves have given it. We can speak not of *the* world, but rather of *a* world, *our* world, and it is constantly changing as we change. We cling to a belief in our world because we need to give coherence to our lives; but for Bronk, these beliefs are merely sham, a way of trying to domesticate the unknowable. For the world in his view is essentially that which cannot be mastered, or as he says in the concluding lines of a poem entitled "The Difference": "Some of the things we think and say of the world/are reasonable, but none of them is true." And again, in another poem, "Conjectural Reading": "The trouble

* *William Bronk, An Essay*, by Cid Corman (Truck Press, 1976. Distributed by Serendipity Books Distribution, Berkeley, Calif.)

SEVERAL POEMS
BY WILLIAM BRONK

Midsummer

A green world, a scene of green, deep
with light blues, the greens made deep
by those blues. One thinks how
in certain pictures, envied landscapes a
seen
(through a window maybe) far behind
serene
sitter's face, the serene pose, as though
in some impossible mirror, face to back
human serenity gazed at a green world
which gazed at this face.
And see now,
here is that place, those greens
are here, deep with those blues. The ai
we breathe is freshly sweet, and warm,
though
with berries. We are here. We are here.
Set this down, too, as much
as if an atrocity had happened and beer
seen.
The earth is beautiful beyond all chang

—From *The World, The Worldless*, New Directions, 1964

Morning Greetings Exchanged

A bird, as I went by the bare vine
on Thompson's wall, made cheeps of t
world, at me,
to itself, however they do, whatever th
mean:
I think they don't mean anything.

Sorry if they do, because I suppose tha
they're wrong,
but if right, who hears them—other bi
This makes them equivalent creatures,
us.
"Welcome bird," I say with presumptiv
stance

as if I were here first as, *this* I,
this bird, I suppose I probably was;
but birds, maybe this kind, are older th
me,

older than man and birds are bird, me
are man, anonymous. Neither makes
event or a history. We say we do. Chee

—From *To Praise the Music*, Elizabeth Press, 1972

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: **Tikal**

)untains they knew, and jungle, the
;un, the stars—
:se seemed to be there. But even after
hey slashed
: jungle and burned it and planted the
:omforting corn,
:y were discontent. They wanted the
:hape of things.
:y imagined a world and it was as if it
vere there
ı world with stars in their places and
:ain that came
en they called. It closed them in. Stone
)y stone,
they built this city, these temples, they
)uilt this world.
:y believed it. This was the world, and
hey,
:ourse, were the people. Now trees
nake up
:emblies and crowd in the wide plazas.
Trees
nb the stupendous steps and rubble
:hem.
the jungle, the temples are little
nountains again.

s always hard like this, not having a
vorld,
imagine one, to go to the far edge
ırt and imagine, to wall whether in
out, to build a kind of cage for the sake
feeling the bars around us, to give
:hape to a world.
d oh, it is always a world and not the
vorld.

'rom *Light and Dark*, Origin Press, 1956;
eprinted by Elizabeth Press, 1975

e Abnegation

'ant to be that Tantalus, unfed
ever, that my want's agony declare
it such as we want has nothing to say to
he world;
he world wants, it nothing wants for
ıs.
: me be unsatisfied. Hearing me scream,
ıre me compassion, look instead at man,
w he takes handouts, makeshifts, sops
creature comfort. I refuse. I will not
less than I am to be more human, or
ess
n human may be to seem to be more
han I am.
'ant as the world wants. I am the
vorld.

'rom *That Tantalus*, Elizabeth Press, 1971

with rational is, it seems to make sense,/in the end it doesn't make any sense at all." Nevertheless, one is left with desire for the world, and this desire is real, as is the joy it can give birth to, as in "Of the Natural World":

Of the natural world, nothing is possible
but praise if we speak at all. We can be
still.
The steadiest speakers are quiet after a
time.
I could be quiet and not wait for the time
when quiet comes except that so little
sound
is hardly to be heard in the loud joy of the
world
and I grow impatient and practice the
world's song.

Bronk is a solitary poet, and his lonely voice speaks to us as if from great distances. And yet his work is intimate, familiar, soon made part of us. Although he sounds like no other poet writing today, his poetry is very much a continuation of a particular American tradition started by Thoreau and Emily Dickinson. Bronk's universe, like theirs, is a mixture of the homely and the sublime. He writes about things that are close at hand, things he encounters in his daily life: the abandoned canals near his home in upstate New York, the natural landscape around him, his house, his friends and acquaintances, the Latin-American ruins he has visited several times in his travels. Rarely anything more. And yet he brings to these simple subjects a metaphysical hunger, a clarity of utterance, and a rage and a humor that continually carry us beyond whatever initiated the poem. Bronk plays for high stakes, and in the more than 400 poems he has published, there are undoubtedly many failures and excesses, but by and large he is a poet of great consistency. It is impossible to get an accurate sense of his work from isolated poems and quotations, for what is most important in him is the ongoing process of writing, the subtle variations in thought and imagery that evolve from one poem to the next and from one book to the next. Taken as a whole, William Bronk's poetry stands as an eloquent and often beautiful attack on all our assumptions, a provocation, a monument to the questioning mind. It is a work that demands to be read. ◉

Paul Auster has written three volumes of poetry, Unearth, Wall Writing, *and* Fragments from Cold. *His criticism has appeared in* The New York Review of Books, Harper's, *and* Commentary.

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Images of a Lifetime

Picture Palace
by Paul Theroux
Houghton Mifflin, 359 pp., $9.95

Reviewed by Vicki Goldberg

PICTURE PALACE: a provocative title, full of submerged and glinting meanings. The kind of metaphor Paul Theroux cherishes. A picture palace is first a gaudy movie house, but in the novel, just a windmill that holds only Maude Pratt's still photographs. Another picture palace is her memory, which houses a long life and a complex set of images. At seventy, Maude Pratt is a world famous photographer. A woman photographer is an unusual heroine. Until recently, there haven't been many in real life—much less in books—although their importance to the history of photography has always far outweighed their number. Like Julia Margaret Cameron or Margaret Bourke White, Maude Pratt has made her mark upon the world, photographing the famous (General Patton, D. H. Lawrence, T. S. Eliot), exposing well-kept secrets, experimenting. As the book opens, a young man is sifting through her photographs to prepare a retrospective of her work. The images bring up buried memories of her photographic adventures, her incestuous longings for her brother, and the many self-deceptions that marked her life.

It was bold of Theroux to make Maude a photographer, and that she is believable as one is a remarkable feat, since artists are notoriously hard to draw. In a story of self-deception, photography is a near perfect metaphor for imperfect perception. Maude the photographer (read: artist, writer) becomes a spectator who cannot live fully because she must constantly observe. When young, she plans to give up her camera whenever she wins her brother's love; when old, she is advised to put it aside and experience life instead. As the novel unfolds, she realizes that her photographs say little about her life. She had assumed it was present in her pictures, but life turns out to be more elusive and more important than black-and-white images of it.

Maude became a career woman because she was too ugly not to: "If you didn't have looks you had to have a knack." Her mother always said the camera was Maude's true love, but Maude saw it as a way to gain such fame that her beautiful brother, Orlando, would return her none-too-sisterly affection. She does gain fame and winds up photographing and conversing with the greats, so that Evelyn Waugh, Alfred Stieglitz, and Theroux's favorite, Graham Greene, make cameo appearances in the novel. This gambit, which Doctorow polished up, has the risky appeal of invented gossip. Theroux's portraits of famous people are often fuller and more fun than the fictional characters who carry the plot.

The plot's quite a creaky business in *Picture Palace*, but it hangs on a marvelously constructed and nicely realized metaphor of vision and blindness. At age eleven, snapping her first photograph, Maude suddenly cries, "I can't see!"—because her thumb is on the viewfinder. This is a tidy way of remarking that the self constantly gets in the way of vision, and throughout the book Maude's desires blind her for a time to important facts that the reader has already guessed.

Maude herself is a vigorous, rackety, memorable creation, though badly flawed. Her tenacity, cunning, and self-doubt would be quite sufficient to fuel an artist's career. Unhappily, Maude is less convincing as woman than as photographer. Even an elderly and famous woman hell-bent on eccentricity would scarcely think that critics who praised her as a credit to her sex were "calling attention to my tits, which they promptly put in the wringer of art criticism." Or berate a young man for keeping pornographic pictures of "Kenny's great hairy ass or his dripping tool." This is impossibly graphic and a bad mistake. Maude's thoughts tend to be deeper, more poetic, wittier—wondering why her sister likes fashion modeling, she thinks, "Immortality? But who wanted to spend eternity dressed like *that*?"—so that her voice jars all the more.

Still, Theroux's knowledge of photography gives Maude space and focus. Her attitudes are sharp and contemporary: Snapshots are the true American folk art; good photographs are found rather than created; photographers can be "meticulous assassins" (could she have been reading Sontag?). She sees Brandts and Strands and Winogrands in the faces and landscapes she passes; photography has indeed changed the way some of us see.

What keeps the reader reading is Theroux's dexterous, energetic style. He can overwrite or misjudge—the incest angle is the weakest aspect of *Picture Palace*—but he seems almost incapable of writing a dull sentence. He can conjure up the British in wartime, "obsessed with their own fortitude, making a virtue of the national vice—their love of a plucky defeat." He can atomize success in the advertising era: "With my first artistic success under my belt, my genius was complimented by a manufacturer of ladies' underwear, who promised me five thousand dollars to photograph his latest range of bras and girdles.... Madame Curie must have been asked a thousand times to open drugstores or lend her name to brands of aspirin, Dr. Schweitzer to endorse mosquito repellent, or William Faulkner to write the copy for bourbon ads." Theroux's pen is a sharp instrument.

Picture Palace itself is rather like one of Maude's photographs—inventive on the surface, deftly composed, full of minor revelations. But Maude, a serendipitous subject, is unevenly lit, and whole areas of figures in the background are poorly resolved. Only technique and pizzazz pull off the picture; both Maude Pratt and her creator have a fine command of the one and a generous supply of the other. ◉

"So I said to myself, 'Why not eliminate the middleman altogether?'"

Vicki Goldberg is an art historian and a contributing editor of American Photographer.

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LOOKOUT

History in the Making, Drugs, and Families

THREE distinguished writers who among themselves have won four Pulitzer Prizes in history are bringing out new books. Theodore H. White has set aside his *The Making of the President* series to write a personal memoir. *In Search of History* (Harper & Row, August) takes us from his student days at Harvard to his years as a reporter in Asia during World War II, then back home.

Like Theodore H. White, James MacGregor Burns has always been fascinated by the presidency and the wielding of power. In *Leadership* (Harper & Row, August), he analyzes the lives of such leaders as Luther, Nicholas II, and Mao Tse-tung to demonstrate that Machiavelli's "practical advice was not at all practical."

In her new book, *A Distant Mirror: The Calamitous Fourteenth Century* (Knopf, September), Barbara Tuchman drops back in time from the twentieth-century setting of her two Pulitzer Prize-winning histories to a time of chivalry and chaos, spiritual agony, and the Black Death.

Some doctors are now suggesting that aspirin can help reduce the risk of heart attacks and strokes. Paul Schindler, a former UPI reporter, writes about the controversy over the benefits and the harmful effects of the drug in *Aspirin Therapy* (Walker), while Drs. Wayne O. Evans and Jonathan O. Cole caution in *Your Medicine Chest* (Little, Brown, August) that the taking of any drug, even aspirin, always involves some risk. They claim that aspirin overdose is the largest single cause of death by drugs of American children.

Jane Howard, whose *Please Touch*, a guide to the human potential movement, was a best seller a few years ago, has lately been looking into the forces that hold American families together. Her startling conclusion: Romantic love has "no structural or inherent connection with family. ... Dread comes closer to what makes a family a family." In *Families* (Simon & Schuster, July), Howard punctures many popular and sociological notions, but she retains her glowing admiration for families that have a distinct sense of themselves.

— S.H.

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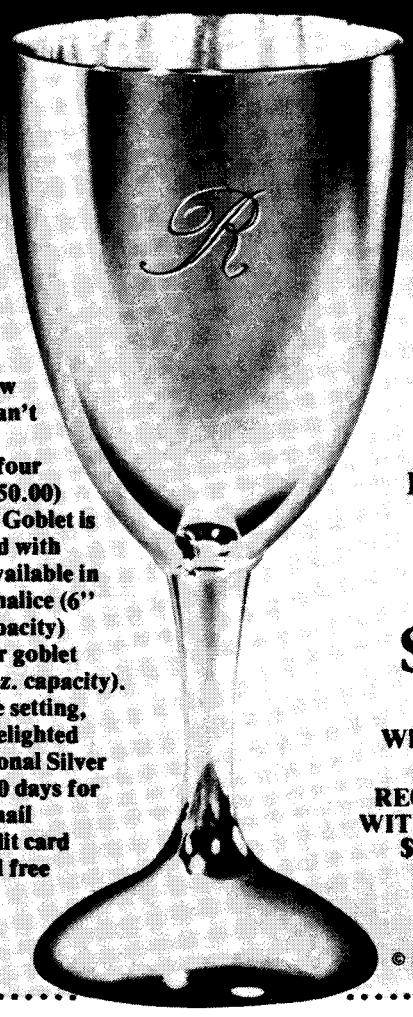

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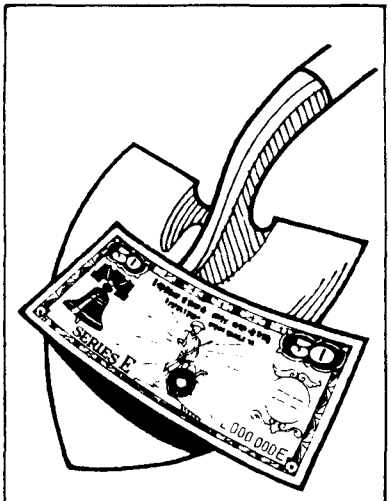
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Books in Brief

Selected Stories
by V. S. Pritchett
Random House, 320 pp., $10

V. S. Pritchett is that very English phenomenon, a man of letters. Whatever causes he has lent his pen to—and his works have included travel writing, biography, criticism, and memoirs, as well as several novels and a stream of short stories—he has remained above all a craftsman.

These 14 tales, for instance, are calculated to a hair first to tantalize, then to satisfy. They are love stories—what better subject to capture and hold a reader's attention? In "The Diver," "The Wheelbarrow," "Blind Love," "The Camberwell Beauty," and the "Noisy" stories, the follies and machinations of seduction unfold slowly, suspensefully, but not quite inevitably. The style, characters, and plots of these stories exist for their own sake—and also to make us smile. They are (to invert Pritchett's mot on one of Beckett's more obscure works) all content and no significance.

Fans of Pritchett's autobiography will recognize that many of the best touches in these stories are drawn from his life and specifically from his near mythical parents, surely two of the most eccentric middle-class Britons outside Dickens. Their presence, and Pritchett's own, is never very far from the reader. One feels strongly in Pritchett the irony of the writer's vocation—that because he must make public those things that are held to be most private, in the end the page subsumes the life.

—CAROLE COOK

Palace Without Chairs
by Brigid Brophy
Atheneum, 295 pp., $9.95

Welcome to the strangely modern storybook kingdom of Evarchia, where the king lies a-dying while the queen feeds her pigeons, murmurs Greek verbs, and dreams of an idyllic England she's never seen. Where the royal youngsters complain in vain about the severe chair shortage and contemplate the fretful prospect of inheriting the throne. Where the major national crisis—until the assassination of Archduke Sempronius kicks off a flurry of royal fatalities—is the union slowdown that's preventing the opening of *Norma* at the Royal Opera.

Welcome, in other words, to another of Brigid Brophy's "baroque" fictions—baroque in its droll verbal tap-dancing (a veritable festival of parenthetical drills) and in its contrapuntal, obliquely affecting arrangements of unconnected tableaux: a taut debate on criminal insanity between a prosecutor and a psychiatrist; tea with Evarchia's only great novelist; a lecture on security at the Academy of Advanced Military Studies. Stacked up by a less crafty architect, such interludes might work only as satiric or didactic digressions. Here they bounce off one another with little pings of irony and gentle thuds of regret, reflecting Brophy's essentially compassionate and cautiously optimistic view of humanity caught between the death instinct—one by one the Evarchian royals succumb—and the Life Force.

But Brophy never writes a dry novel of ideas. The Life Force in *Palace Without Chairs* is embodied in the massive, teen-age princess, Heather. An unselfconsciously hoydenish, unneurotic lesbian, she survives the collapse of Evarchia's monarchy and is last seen being clumsily seductive in a London bar. With such a warm-blooded center for the swirl of icy wit, Brophy has spun out one of her most appealing essay-entertainments.

—JOSH RUBINS

A Young Man in Search of Love
by Isaac Bashevis Singer
Doubleday, 177 pp., $12.95

Shosha
by Isaac Bashevis Singer
Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 288 pp., $8.95

Isaac Bashevis Singer's new books, a memoir and a novel, are two more rescue operations in his ongoing literary raid on the vanished world of prewar Poland. Although *A Young Man in Search of Love* follows the conventions of autobiography, and *Shosha*, those of fiction, the impulse behind both narratives is to recapture a lost world, to render the rich interior and exterior lives of people responding to unique circumstances. In the foreground of each book, an ambitious young author—Isaac Singer and Aaron Greidinger respectively—encounters a heterogeneous blend of worldly and unworldly Jews. In the background, a heavy German blade hovers overhead. Singer writes from the other side of that fallen Nazi knife; it has been his remarkable achievement to penetrate its steel surface, to capture the uncapturable. Greidinger tells us, "I believed that the aim of literature was to prevent time from vanishing." The older, more

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accomplished writer, Isaac Singer, relates that "in literature, as in our dreams, death does not exist."

A Young Man in Search of Love, splendidly illustrated by Raphael Soyer, is a sequel to *A Little Boy in Search of God*. Isaac Singer, the little Hasid with red earlocks, has become a provincial Jew, disturbed by inner contradictions and trying to evade the draft by starving himself physically even as he fills his mind with Dostoevsky and the Cabala. Most of Singer's adventures are amorous affairs (he has an older woman for a mistress), but the volume is also lined with philosophical fantasies and a passion to liberate Yiddish literature from tired conventions. In both life and art, Singer is seeking "tangled situations and genuine dilemmas." His search for love has also become a quest for God: "For me, religion and love, even sex, are attributes of the same substance."

This central spiritual quest, revealed in a wealth of tangled plots and moral dilemmas, has infused Singer's most important work. *Shosha* is the story of a writer suspended between the old world of Krochmalna Street and the newer, more sophisticated world of the Warsaw Writer's Club. The conflict is represented by two women: On one side is Betty, a failed actress and the mistress of an American millionaire; on the other is Shosha, physically and intellectually stunted, sickly and backward, but with a touching purity of heart. She is essentially stuck in childhood, unfit for the larger world, and Aaron's commitment to her—despite his lust for "the whole female gender"—is a commitment to innocence, to the deepest archaeological strata of his own past, to a doomed Jewish street.

Shosha is filled with the usual Singer questions about demonic possession, free-floating souls, an archive of spirits, a world rife with secret powers and occult mysteries. But mostly it is a testament to the haunting power of the past. Near the end of the novel, Aaron's friend Haiml begins speaking:

> Where did all the years go? Who will remember them after we're gone? ... There must be a place somewhere where everything is preserved, inscribed down to the smallest detail. Let us say that a fly has fallen into a spiderweb and the spider has sucked her dry. This is a fact of the universe and such a fact cannot be forgotten.

Like Haiml, and like Singer himself, I hope that such a place exists. In the meantime, it is comforting to know that Isaac Bashevis Singer too is a fact of the universe, passionately telling his story, inscribing his lost world down to the smallest detail. —EDWARD HIRSCH

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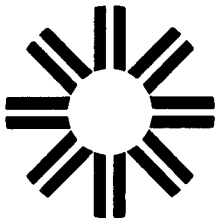

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FINE PRINT

Small Presses Revisited

by Doris Grumbach

LAST YEAR I said in this column that I would soon again write about the publications of small (or smaller) presses. Since then, I have been inundated with some very good work from all over the country. What follows is a regrettably inadequate sample of the largess.

James L. Weil is a poet and the publisher of the Elizabeth Press, in New Rochelle, New York. His books are usually designed and printed in Italy at Martino Mardersteig's highly respected Stamperia Valdonega, and all have the same delicate gray-white look. Weil's list contains two writers, among others, to whom he has been unfailingly, and rightfully, faithful: the essayist and poet William Bronk [whose work is discussed by Paul Auster on page 30] and Alexis Rannit, an Estonian poet whose latest book I want to talk about here. *Cantus Firmus* ($50, distributed by Serendipity Books, 1790 Shattuck Avenue, Berkeley, California 94709) is Rannit's poetic tribute to his artist-friend and compatriot Edward Wiiralt, whose work is lovingly reproduced together with Rannit's poems.

The work of the two Estonians is not as well known in the United States as this handsome quarto volume proves it ought to be. (There was an exhibit of most of the contents of the book at Yale University, in 1974.) Rannit writes short, imagist poetry, in free verse, in what Norman Holmes Pearson, who wrote the introduction to the book, calls "quantitative rhythms"—the phonetically quantitative metrical arrangements that are found in early Estonian songs and verse. Wiiralt's engravings have a delicate, deeply felt, Rembrandt-like quality. Rarely do the arts of poetry, engraving, and bookmaking come together so felicitously.

Condor Journal, by Dick Smith ($8.95, paper), and *Rescued Buildings*, by Roland Jacopetti and Ben VanMeter ($8.95, paper), have been published by Noel Young at Capra Press (631 State Street, Santa Barbara, California 93101). Young prints his books on his own presses downstairs from his crowded two-room office or at a photoengraver and printer a few blocks away. His books have the craftsmanlike look that a careful and concerned publisher can give to his volumes.

Young is partial to the beautiful, small town of Santa Barbara, and so he tends to publish the work of local (or at least California) writers. Dick Smith was a devoted naturalist who searched out the condors he loved and respected, photographing the elusive, enormous birds and keeping a field journal of his many excursions into the mountains between 1964 and 1977, when he died. His photos and paintings enliven the text, and there is a wonderful three-page gatefold on which a condor's secondary flight feather has been drawn to actual size.

Rescued Buildings is the kind of book that wasters and destroyers of unused buildings will hate. With a series of excellent photographs by Wayne McCall and a descriptive text by Jacopetti and VanMeter, *Rescued Buildings* tells how some young people have bought and restored all sorts of abandoned buildings and objects: a fire station, a school, a caboose, a creamery, even (one of the most ingenious and beautiful restorations) a huge redwood wine barrel that they then embellished with clerestory stained-glass windows.

There is something enormously heartening in the story told here of two young sisters and their brother who with their spouses and children have turned a summer camp once run by the Roman Catholic Church into a communal village filled with family dwellings (which they call "huts"), workshops, and a place (the old chapel) where they teach *t'ai chi chuan*. To paraphrase Henry James, these and other young rescuers of old buildings are people on whom nothing is lost—they have a philosophy that is both economical and conservative.

Reynolds Stone is an English artist, designer, and typographer whose beautifully clean wood engravings are now brought together in a large, handsome book, *Reynolds Stone*, published by the Stephen Greene Press (Brattleboro, Vermont 05301) at the seemingly steep price of $65. But to see this handsome book is to understand its price.

Sir Kenneth Clark's foreword is helpful in introducing both the artist and his work to American readers. Clark indicates the influences upon Stone: Thomas Bewick, the eighteenth-century wood engraver; the flourishes of Renaissance calligraphers; and (as the observant examiner will readily see) the more contemporary work of Eric Gill. In a brief note, Stone explains the differences between woodcuts and engravings. Then we are free to move on and explore 150 pages of Stone's elegant, graceful work on bookplates, illustrations, title pages, book labels, and so on. No more satisfying book has been produced recently.

The Health Guide, by Mahatma Gandhi ($7.95, cloth; $3.95, paper), is published by Crossing Press, a family enterprise owned and directed by John and Elaine Gill. This year the Gills moved their press from a country farmhouse outside Trumansburg, New York, to a three-story building on the town's main street, but their books remain the same: somewhat homespun, usually tasteful, and always useful.

The Gills' continuing interest is in collections and single volumes of quality poetry, and they have a special concern for contemporary Canadian poetry. They also publish children's books and colloquial-style cookbooks.

Gandhi believed that cocoa, coffee, and tea are blood-poisoning drinks. Alcohol, tobacco, and drugs are the inventions of the devil, leading to "physical and mental decay, and loss of money... deadening the moral instinct and destroying all power of self-control." Bodily health, according to Gandhi, depends on virtuous actions, such as breathing fresh air, adhering to a vegetarian diet, and ingesting no medicines whatsoever. Most of all, good health depends on cleansing the body through fasting, rest, maintaining periods of silence, and avoiding such departures from nature as "anger, ill-will, impatience, errors in conjugal life."

I remember the time when "modern" people would have laughed at Gandhi's regimen. But now that we are painfully aware of the effects of air and water pollution, carcinogenic products, widespread alcoholism, hypertension, and gluttony, we see nothing but good sense in this "new" book. Surprisingly, it was written 43 years ago, but until now it has never been published in the United States. Written in a simple prose that elevates commonplaces to wisdom, *The Health Guide* makes bodily health as important as, and unites it to, spiritual peace. ◉

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TRADE WINDS

The Responsibility of Publishers

by Walter Arnold

DO PUBLISHERS have a responsibility toward their public when they bring out a book that makes startling new claims? Take J. B. Lippincott's *In His Image*, by David Rorvik, which says it tells the true story of how the first human clone was produced. James Dewey Watson, the Nobel Prize-winning geneticist, has said flatly: "There isn't a chance the [book's] claim is true." Further, the book has been widely labeled as science fiction, and one biologist at work on cloning told *Newsweek*, "We all think the story is a hoax to hype sales."

Though I myself am confident *In His Image* is substantially a work of fiction, there is a slight chance that the story it tells is true. In his many public appearances since the book came out, the author has steadfastly maintained that a human clone has indeed been created. But for what he calls ethical reasons, Rorvik refuses to divulge the names and local habitations of the purported participants in this dubious experiment. Further, he has not come up with evidence to show that his fairly consistent and coherent account also corresponds with some reality. Unfortunately for him, he gave an interview (before *In His Image* was published) to a Great Falls, Montana, *Tribune* reporter, in which he said he was working on a novel called *The Clone*, a "pornographic science-fiction thriller based on the current medical possibility." (*In His Image* is not pornographic.) Certainly Rorvik's current book has been published *as if* it were nonfiction, even though Lippincott says in a publisher's note that despite the author's assurances it "doesn't know" whether or not the account is true. (Practically speaking, there was no other way to publish the story. Certainly you couldn't call the book fiction, which would contradict the author's intent, and certainly it wouldn't have sold as well if labeled fiction, since *Joshua Son of None* and *The Boys from Brazil* had already exploited that market.)

Although Lippincott was obviously upset by the attacks it sustained from scientists and book critics for sponsoring *In His Image* and despite regrets about initial trade-journal advertising that claimed the book was a true account, editor in chief Edward L. Burlingame (who edited the book) defends Lippincott's right to publish it. First, he points out that no publisher can check the truth and value of all the material in every purportedly nonfiction manuscript. If publishers spent sufficient time and resources checking alleged facts and evidence, they would never have the time or the resources to publish books. (Most contracts have a clause obliging authors to warrant the substantial truth of nonfiction manuscripts and indemnifying publishers beyond a point against suits for fraud, libel, etc.) Then too, Burlingame says that the First Amendment protects even hoaxers' rights to be heard and their publishers' right to print them. He does not say such authors should be sponsored if the publisher knows the story is not true or believes that they are deliberately deceiving the public. But Burlingame insists that this is not the case with the Rorvik book—that he simply doesn't know, is impressed with the author's assurances and arguments against disclosure, and thinks the question can best be resolved in the open forum of public debate and examination.

Apart from *A Short Treatise on God, Man, and the Universe* (Spinoza wrote it but would have a hard time finding a publisher today) or a new addition of A. J. Ayers's *Language, Truth and Logic*, it is possible to agree that publishers should not be obliged to resolve every *conceivable* doubt of their own about a manuscript that claims to tell a substantially true story. (I am setting aside for now the question of the "nonfiction novel," "faction," and other such centaurs.) Yet surely it is not asking too much of a publisher to resolve all *essential* doubts about an author's basic claims. It is not the practical possibility of Rorvik's story that is in question but the *extremely unlikely* character and event of it—and it is certainly an important event, *if true*. If you were a publisher and someone came to you saying he had an account of a trip to Mars that he and a few secret associates had made in a ship they had built and flown themselves, you would be justified in insisting upon seeing some rocks or at least a few snapshots of the red planet. And the point about careerist hoaxers is not that the First Amendment does not protect their "right to be heard" (it does, though that can hardly be considered its chief aim). The point is, rather, that publishers should not leave themselves open to fraud by not insisting on ordinary standards of verification. Book houses with such slack procedures contribute mightily to the present confusion of tongues, pollution of ideas, and declining standards of truth in the marketplace. The indecisive and opportunistic way in which *In His Image* was published just increases the cynicism and the lack of critical respect with which many houses are widely regarded.

One thing is certain: Lippincott is hardly to be singled out for publishing a highly dubious and possibly fraudulent book. Simon & Schuster's hardcover division turned down *In His Image* for critical-moral reasons (or so it said) but nevertheless bought the paperback rights through its mass market imprint, Pocket Books. And Simon & Schuster is also under contract to publish an "authorized" biography of Greta Garbo that other publishers have turned down as a hoax. McGraw-Hill's down-to-the-wire "autobiography" of Howard Hughes was followed by a fraud of more modest proportions in *The Memoirs of Chief Red Fox*, an "autobiography" that used a previously published book as its chief source, without giving credit to the publisher. Doubleday and Alex Haley's *Roots* has been called a work of highly dubious historicity. And whatever happened to Little, Brown and the Book-of-the-Month Club's phony *The Last Testament of Lucky Luciano*? If publishers have a responsibility to the reading public, perhaps in view of all these examples that responsibility is to tell us clearly and distinctly what sort of book it is that we are being asked to buy. ◉

Walter Arnold, formerly the editorial director of Liveright, *is a guest Trade Winds columnist.*

Answer to *Wit Twister* (see page 25): singer, reigns, resign, signer

Answer to *Fraser Young Literary Crypt No. III* (see page 23): Whatever liberates our spirit without giving us self-control is disastrous.

—Goethe

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Charleston with Me

by Horace Sutton

A BUNCH of the boys (and a number of the girls) were whooping it up on the deck of the *General Beauregard* the other morning as that good ship lay in Charleston Harbor waiting to edge away from the city marina and puff down the Ashley River on its way to Fort Sumter and its daily excursion to history. It was one of the last days before the end of school, and a visitor from out of town would have to be tolerant if some of the import of that morning in April 1861 was lost on these spirited students unleashed from the Charleston grade schools for a morning's chill ride down the bay.

The Ashley and the Cooper rivers, as they like to say down here, come together to form the Atlantic Ocean; and in the days when Charleston ranked with New York, Boston, and Philadelphia among the principal American cities along the Atlantic seaboard, Washington, burned once by the British, worried about the nation's unprotected urban centers. President Madison ordered forts to be built that would protect American commercial centers against raids and outright warfare. "The character of the times," Madison told the Congress in 1815, "particularly inculcates the lesson that whether to prevent or repel danger, we ought not to be unprepared for it." He recommended that Congress provide for "the immediate extension and gradual completion of the works of defense, both fixed and floating, on our maritime frontier."

In a response that seems ameliorator y for those times, Congress responded by creating a military board of engineers and by hiring Napoleon's premier engineer, Simon Bernard, to take a survey and begin to build fortifications. That was in 1817; but by 1861, federal pace being what it is, the fort was not entirely ready.

Those who come now to see where the first shot was fired igniting the Civil War are told the tale of Major Robert Anderson, the onetime West Point artillery instructor who commanded a modest garrison at Fort Moultrie, on Sullivan's Island, at the harbor's very mouth. With the election of Abraham Lincoln, South Carolina seceded from the Union on December 20, 1860. Major Anderson appraised the excited populace and, seeking to avoid being attacked by land, moved his garrison out to Sumter in the middle of the harbor. That move agitated President Buchanan almost as much as it did South Carolina. He wanted no war while he was still in office. The defense of Charleston was put under the command of Brigadier General Pierre Gustave Toutant Beauregard, who had been a superintendent of the United States Military Academy at West Point and, in a small piece of history that seemed almost too theatrical to be real, had once studied artillery at the Point under Major Anderson, the adversary he now faced.

It was the fortune of war, the ill fortune for Charleston, that was to make it what it is today: a river city of ineffable charm, a living museum whose likes cannot be found elsewhere in the nation. It was Charleston that found itself at war's end, as the saying is oft repeated, "too poor to paint and too proud to whitewash." If things had turned out differently, the city might well have rebuilt and would have been today another urban renewal. Instead it is an architectural preserve sited on a peninsula between two rivers; a city of oystershell drives, cabbage roses, palm trees; a city where doorways have architectural import, where Porgy is a restaurant, where a carriage that conveys tourists about town is named "The Swamp Fox" in honor of Francis Marion, who harassed the British, guerrilla style; a town that endures a sign put up by the De Soto Hilton that says, "If you loved the charm of Charleston, you'll love Savannah."

Many of Charleston's houses, which knew the tread of the British—there were 137 separate engagements between the British and the Americans in South Carolina before the surrender at Yorktown—are set sideways to the street. The galleries of the façades face inward to the gardens rather than to the boulevards. Many historic homes open during the candlelight tours that run from mid-March to mid-April. The mauve-hued city hall is the oldest in continued use in the United States. St. Michael's Episcopal was the first built of Charleston's 181 surviving churches. The bells that peal in its steeple have been twice in England—once stolen and once sent there for recasting—but their chimes ring over the churchyard where lie the graves of two signers of the Constitution. It was at St. Michael's that George Washington worshipped when he toured the South, in 1791.

By the time Charleston fell to the British, it had grown rich on rice and indigo—cotton was to come later—and when it came time for the king's troops to leave, 300 ships were required to cart away all the Tories, the slaves, the sympathizers, and the treasures, much of which would land in the West Indies.

Charleston started as a proprietorship granted to eight of his loyal friends by Charles II (who settled it in 1670) was poor once more. One of the three walled cities in America at the beginning of the eighteenth century, it would bloom anew, only to be beset by new tragedy. Fire ravaged it in 1861; an earthquake jarred it in 1886; the boll weevil and the end of slavery attacked its cotton industy. And finally, the new rice-harvesting machinery proved to be too heavy for the marshy lands of the low country.

CHARLESTON dusted off its prerevolutionary homes, markets, and churches, its antebellum houses and plantations. It is these relics of another age—over 1,000 buildings—that make the city a living preserve. The Charleston Market, built between 1790 and 1804 and thereafter buffeted by tornadoes, burned, and bombarded, has been

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Church Street, Charleston—"In the Bar of the First Shot, incredible edibles."

opened anew. A public market in use for 167 years, it had a reputation for carrying fine goods. In the words of one early shopper, "No article whatever can be found for less than six and one-quarter cents."

In its present restored form, the Market has retained its stately columns and its grand *escalier* leading to the main entrance, but there are few goods around for as little as six and a quarter cents. Gone too are the buzzards known as the Charleston eagles, who waited for scraps tossed by butchers. Today, the Market sports a restaurant called The Ice House, which decorates its walls with ice tongs and ice picks and prints its menu inside an 1837 copy of the *Charleston Courier*. The fare spans the culinary chasm between hot pastrami and okra soup, with pauses en route for shrimp with grits, and feta cheese with olives and bread. Carolina Greek with New York accents.

Elsewhere, the Low Country Kitchen dishes up red rice, short ribs, and stuffed bell peppers; crab cakes and hush puppies. Henry's, on Market Street, is bare of personality, but the menu is famed for Spanish mackerel with crabmeat, green onions, and shrimp; crumb-fried oysters; soft-shell crabs; and, inevitably, she-crab soup.

The Market also shelters a Gourmetisserie, but that ought to be swallowed as an etymological lapse of the times and not taken too seriously. The gentility of other times lives in the softness of the Mills Hyatt House, where fountains spill, ceiling fans spin, and those suffering from sightseer's arch can slip into a comfortable chair in the saloon called the Bar of the First Shot and nibble on "incredible edibles," which is a house concoction of almonds, walnuts, dates, figs, and cashews. The dining room bakes oysters, invests escargots with garlic and butter, stuffs a breast of capon that it rolls in coconut and serves with almond-raisin sauce. Flounder with deviled crabmeat bespeaks the South. Mud pies, which is a dessert of coffee ice cream on Oreo cookie crust with fudge sauce, bespeaks uncountable calories.

Nowhere is the true patrician elegance more immediately apparent than at Charleston's plantations. Middleton Place is an enclave of 110 acres of rich serenity. Grand allées of camellias explode with the early spring, a reflection pool cools the length of the formal gardens, and velvet grass tiers step gracefully in broad, green, pool table terraces toward a matched pair of lakes sculpted like butterfly wings. The Ashley flows alongside, providing the irrigation ponds that dampened the rice fields and made the Carolinas—and Middletons—wealthy factors in the golden days of the South.

The Middletons were landowners and planters, but they were also politically active and daring. Henry Middleton began the gardens in 1741, two generations before the family had acquired the property. Henry was a president of the First Continental Congress; his son Arthur signed the Declaration of Independence; his grandson Henry became America's first minister to Russia; his great-grandson Williams was a signer of the Ordinance of Secession.

While the Middletons gambled and won in the Revolution, they lost in the War Between the States, and the plantation succumbed to the scorched-earth policy that sought to deny supplies to the Confederate forces. The earthquake of 1886 put the coup de grace to the walls of the main house that still stood. The brick abode that was a gentlemen's guest wing, and that survived, was restored and reopened in 1975, and it gives a sense of balance to Middleton Place. The plantation stableyards were restored too, and they function with field hands in proper raiment of the time. One who had come a cropper and required a crutch to hobble about insisted on having one made in the style of the times.

Middleton Place is used as the finale for the Spoleto Festival of Two Worlds that has chosen the Charleston area as its New World place setting. Running for a dozen days, Spoleto, U.S.A. version, dabbles in art, exhibitions, plays, lectures, ballets, music, opera, and film. At Middleton, concerts are staged between the wings of the Butterfly Lakes. As a grand finale, this year's schedulers laid on the *1812 Overture*, complete with fireworks. It all would have delighted Arthur Middleton, whose birthday—this was his 236th—is annually celebrated with colonial lawn games for children, wagon rides, and the firing of muskets.

Nearly as flavorsome as Middleton Place is the stage set up for ballet atop the Cistern, at the venerable College of Charleston, whose foundations were begun in 1770. Its three oldest buildings are considered architectural gems, but the many new buildings that have sprung up in the past 10 years, during the tenure of President Theodore Stern, have blended in with the old to make the college one of the handsomest small campuses in America. Its new center for the arts, to be finished this summer, underscores Charleston's turn toward the arts.

Stern, who retires this year, will function as head of the Spoleto Festival, which appears to have found a permanent America home here in the low country. Gian Carlo Menotti, who founded the Spoleto Festival in Italy, hoped always that it would turn out to be, as indeed he subtitled his project, "A Festival of Two Worlds." Among the contenders were Winston-Salem, Aspen, San Francisco, Houston, and Atlanta. Charleston proved what Menotti later called "an inspired choice." It is as President Stern wrote in the report on his 10-year incumbency, "a city that is itself an art form ... enhances the beauty ... of festival performances."

On the eve of this year's festival, Ted Stern reminisced about how it all came about. "Menotti looked at The Battery. He looked at the city and saw the big oaks and the gorgeous villas, and he just said, 'This is it.' " All this and shrimp and grits, too. ◉

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What Is an American to Think About the CIA?

WHEN THE ANGOLAN civil war was making headlines two years ago, the American people, disillusioned and weary over their intervention in Vietnam, were assured by their government that the United States was in no way involved.

At the time, I was at a meeting of Americans and Russians in Jurmala, on the Baltic Sea. The Americans at the meeting—a Dartmouth Conference—protested the Soviet-backed Cuban invasion of Angola. One of the Russian delegates charged that the United States itself had forcibly intervened in Angola. This seemed to me to be an absurd statement, and I said so. The United States had supported a policy of self-determination. I quoted the unequivocal denial of CIA officials before a congressional committee of any U.S. involvement. I said the charge that had just been made by the Russian delegate could only be regarded as offensive and contrary to the spirit of the Dartmouth meetings.

Now comes the book *In Search of Enemies*, by John Stockwell, head of CIA operations in Angola, revealing that the agency was in fact deeply engaged in subversive and paramilitary actions there. Stockwell states that the CIA deliberately lied to Congress and the American people about our role in Angola. His book provides documentary evidence of CIA involvement, which he himself directed. Even more serious are his disclosures about the wide range of illegal activities elsewhere in which, Stockwell says, the CIA has been engaged. With devastating effect, Stockwell shows that the net result of our clandestine activities has often been to worsen situations, sometimes with a brutally unnecessary loss of human life.

The effect of Stockwell's book has been to make me even more indignant than I was over the accusation by the Soviet delegate. One of the proudest possessions of any American is his belief in the integrity of his government. We have extolled the heritage of a society in which government is bound by law no less than the people themselves are. The constitutional design does not give the government the right to deceive its people.

One puts down *In Search of Enemies* with the mounting conviction that if the CIA stays in the business of subversion, assassination, and dirty tricks, the future of free society in America may not be as secure as most people think. For what John Stockwell has done is to document what is in effect an undeclared war by the CIA against American institutions. CIA officials would never admit that their actions have endangered the freedoms they are sworn to protect. Indeed, they would insist that what they have done is to uphold America's interests in a world of plot and counterplot. They contend that the Soviet Union must not be given a clear field for extending its influence through undercover exploits.

As Stockwell sees it, this rationale by CIA officials is a form of extreme self-deception. He says that the United States has actually been weakened by clandestine exploits, of which Vietnam is a prime example.

As a former top undercover executive in the CIA, Stockwell should know what he is talking about when he says that CIA secret operations abroad have added up to a profound liability; that thousands of people have been killed as the result of its arbitrary and incompetent decisions; that whatever good the CIA may have done has been heavily offset by the wanton abuse of power by men who have had large sums of money at their disposal but who do not have to submit to the same kind of accountability that applies to other officials of the government. In this sense, the main achievement of the CIA has been to confirm the fears of the American Founding Fathers concerning the exercise of power outside the system of checks and balances.

What has happened with the CIA is especially ironic because few other government agencies have attached higher importance to recruiting young people of intelligence, integrity, and talent. John Stockwell was one of this group. He was to discover, however, that he was not told the truth about the agency or about the work he was expected to do. Like the others, he was drawn into a net from which it was difficult to extricate himself. He was seduced by the feeling that he was at the center of things and was intoxicated with the power that went with the job. He had secret funds at his disposal for bribing foreign officials and for carrying out undercover operations. His personal life-style was made most congenial: His expense allowances made it possible for him to enjoy perquisites generally available only to ambassadors.

Stockwell received his baptism of fire—which is to say undercover subversion—in Vietnam. This experience disabused him of the notion that clandestine operatives could remain free of incompetence, corruption, and abuse of power. His biggest assignment came when he was appointed head of a secret paramilitary operation in Angola. The operation ended in a fiasco in which American miscalculations and ineptness contributed almost as much to the eventual disaster as did the Cuban invasion. The record shows that Stockwell's own analysis and advice were generally ignored as the United States plunged recklessly ahead in a vain attempt to shape the course of events.

What is most shocking about the episode in Angola, it seems apparent from this book, is that our policy in the field ran directly counter to the announced policy in Washington. It was a clear case of the CIA's superimposing itself on constitutional government and lying to the Congress to conceal its own illegal manipulations.

The disturbing, fundamental question that emerges from this book, of course, is that if the CIA can interfere in the politics of other governments, often to the detriment of their peoples, and if it can engage in assassinations and beatings outside the United States, what is there to prevent it from doing the same things *inside* the United States? The men in the CIA were given the means to carry out their own designs. If the President should stand in the way of those designs, how do we know that the highly sophisticated assassination capacity of the CIA would not be turned on the President himself, or on anyone else who seeks to block the CIA?

It was naïve to suppose in the first place that such an agency could be brought into being without becoming a Frankenstein. It is even more naïve to suppose that it can go on in its present form without unhinging the government it was created to protect.

This, it seems to me, is the message of *In Search of Enemies*. John Stockwell has shown a great deal of courage in writing this book. Do the American people have the courage to act on it? —N.C.

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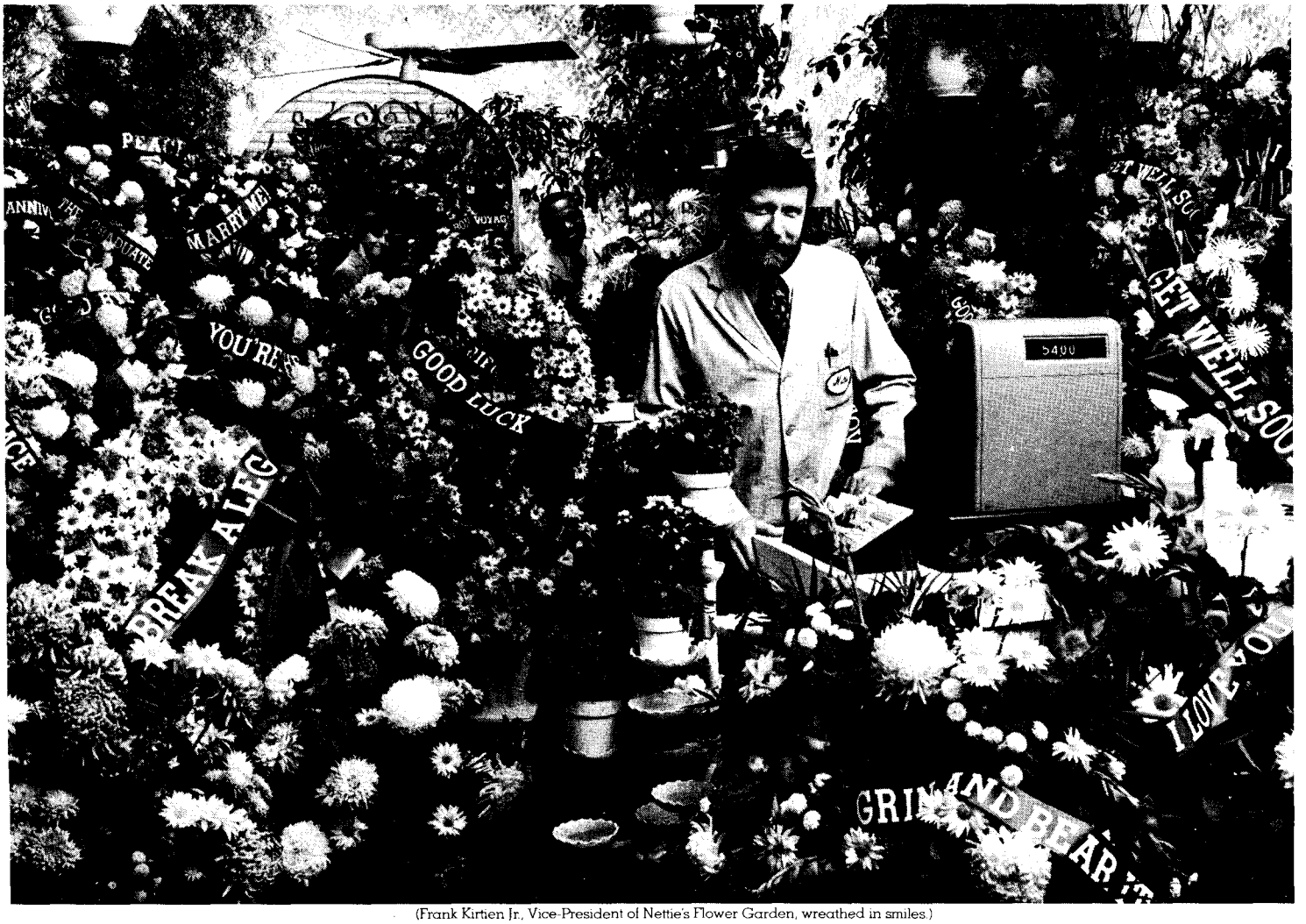

(Frank Kirtien Jr., Vice-President of Nettie's Flower Garden, wreathed in smiles.)

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TOP OF MY HEAD

Our Troubled Lady in the Harbor

by Goodman Ace

PREPARING to write a star-spangled column celebrating the Fourth of July, I decided to get up early to go to Liberty (formerly Bedloe's) Island and interview the Statue of Liberty. She welcomed me with open arm—not the arm she holds aloft with burning torch "to enlighten the world" but the arm holding the tablet simply inscribed JULY 4, 1776.

"Thanks for coming," she said. "It's comforting to see a friendly face around here today."

That was a surprise. My star-spangled interview was starting like a spent Roman candle.

"Oh, come on," I said. "Who would be unfriendly to you on this day? Look at that big happy crowd down there—especially all those patriotic young folk serenading you with their electric guitars—thousands of swinging combos—in celebration of that day in 1776 when liberty triumphed over tyranny."

"Thanks a lot," she said. "But if I had my choice today, I would prefer the combo they used on the original Fourth of July, a combo of two—fife and drum. You're not listening to what they're singing. They're picketing me, for heaven's sake. This mob is shouting that I'm an energy waster. They want me to turn off my torch. After all these ninety-two years, since 1886, when President Grover Cleveland turned me on."

"Oh, Grover Cleveland turned you on? That's a spicy item. If you're implying that..."

"Grover and I were just good friends. If he were alive today listening to those electric guitars, he would turn over in his grave. They call themselves energy savers. If, by fiat, President Carter would only ban every electric guitar in this country, we could save enough energy to run the shah of Iran out of business."

"Just a minute, Miss Liberty, what's that parade coming across the field over there? Are they with this energy-saving group too?"

"Oh, no. Those are real mean people. Compared with the energy savers, this group is much meaner. The energy people are not really all that mean. They do little mean things. Not big mean things ... they're more ... oh, I think you've guessed what I'm building up to."

"Yeah, you're building up to saying they're people of modest means, and it wasn't worth the buildup. Right?"

"Just a minute—I have to attend to my hostess duties. Here comes a Concorde from Paris: 'Bonjour, mes amis. Welcome to America, the land of milk and honey, where the streets are all paved with gold—or they would be if our streets were ever paved. We've certainly got enough potholes to hold all the pots of gold—that's a joke, folks. Hope you enjoyed your three-hour trip across the ocean, and hope you will enjoy the next three hours getting across town to your hotels. Au revoir."

"That was quite a speech," I said.

"I don't mind telling you," she said, "the day the first Concorde flew over, it was a terrifying sight. It shook me up. It not only shook me up, but you know those diamonds I have in my tiara? Well, they're not diamonds at all. It's true that the Concorde can shatter glass, and I made the big mistake of ducking. It wasn't in the papers, but the reconstruction job on my neck took six weeks."

"But I still don't know about those weird people parading over there."

"Oh, yes. You see what they're carrying? Those are hammers and chisels. They want to edit that beautiful Emma Lazarus poem on my pedestal. You know the poem?"

"Yes. It begins, 'Give me your tired, your poor,/Your huddled masses.'"

"That's the line. Those people feel that we're giving too many jobs to the immigrants who come to America seeking work instead of taking care of our own massive unemployment. With their hammers and chisels, they plan to alter those lines to read, 'PLEASE DON'T give me your tired, your poor,/Your huddled masses.'"

"They can't do that. It's against the law to deface government property."

"I know one thing," she said. "I can't stand here with an extinguished torch and a blue-penciled pedestal. I'll resign first. I even thought of going to some other country, but I couldn't find one with the same high ideals I symbolize. I thought of getting a job in Italy because they like statues, but the way my luck has been running lately, the only thing I'd probably get there is kidnapped. I also had an offer from Mayor Koch to move me to Central Park. He promised to declare me a landmark till at least the Tricentennial. But my job is to welcome the whole troubled world. I just can't shut out the cries of the tired, the poor, and the huddled masses. I'm not made of stone, you know." ◉

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LIGHT REFRACTIONS

Phrasal Verbs to Trip Out On

by Thomas H. Middleto

Eat up all the chicken soup. Drink up. Live it up. Tear up. Give up. Situation normal, all fouled up, to bowdlerize the old army phrase.

Those *up*s in most cases have nothing to do with *up* in its most literal—or "how high is up?"—sense. In fact, in its most literal sense, *up* really means "out," as I believe Buckminster Fuller has noted. Since *up* indicates opposite directions on antipodal parts of the globe, we really should say "go outstairs" instead of "go upstairs"—*out* being away from the earth. I think we'd play hob with the language if we insisted on superimposing such a global point of view on our everyday modes of thinking though, and communication would get *fubar*, or fouled up beyond all repair, to bowdlerize still another old army phrase.

Drink up. Drink down. Put up with. Put on (in at least two senses, to don and to rib—she put on a stern expression, but she was just putting him on).

According to Fowler's *Modern English Usage*, these expressions are called "phrasal verbs. The name was given by Henry Bradley to those fixed combinations of verb and adverbial particle from which (to quote Pearsall Smith) 'we derive thousands of vivid colloquialisms and idiomatic phrases by means of which we describe the greatest variety of human actions and relations' —the combinations for instance of such verbs as *get, put, take*, and *set* with such adverbs as *in, out, to, from, up*, and *down* to create nuances of meaning."

I looked up Henry Bradley in my encyclopedia. He was one of the major guiding geniuses involved in the compilation of the *Oxford English Dictionary*. I also looked up Pearsall Smith. That was less easy not only because there are so many Smiths but because his full name was Logan Pearsall Smith. He was a Philadelphian who lived in England from 1888 until his death, in 1946. Among his writings are *The English Language* and *Words and Idioms*.

I'm grateful for the phrase *adverbial particle*. If you'd asked me a few weeks ago what that was, I'd probably ha said that an adverbial particle was pa of an adverb, like *-ly*, thus confusir the adverbial particle with the adverbi suffix.

These thoughts have been inspire by a couple of things. The first is th for several years I've been getting le ters from people asking me to do a cc umn on the gratuitous use of *up* aft certain verbs. The second is that it h occurred to me that *out* has replaced u as the most common adverbial partic (now that I know what to call them *Flake out. Flip out. Spaced out. Freak out*. Recently our niece, Candis, told u about a party where the food and drir were so plentiful and irresistible th she had "really pigged out."

Then last week, my wife's your cousin, Fran, dropped in for a bri visit. She's living in Ojai, a gentle tow tucked away in one of the most scen corners of the paradisiacal Ojai Valle east of Santa Barbara. "Up in Ojai Fran said, "almost everybody's real blissed out." That did it.

If it hadn't been for *pigged out* ar *blissed out*, it might have been years b fore I found out about *phrasal verb* ar *adverbial particle*.

All of which recalls a conversation had with a young English teacher a fe weeks ago. She said she thought that was important to teach grammar to h pupils but that she didn't believe labeling. What did she mean by "labe ing"? "You know," she said. "Prep sitions, adjectives, that sort of thing."

She was obviously intelligent, ar she teaches English, whereas I don't, maybe she knows a lot more about th language than I do. But I still have th strong opinion that knowing the di ference between a preposition and a adjective is important and, in fact, th using a dictionary is easier if or knows that difference. I think, furthe more, that good writing is easier master if one knows some of the label At least one should have a pretty goc idea of what constitutes a sentence ar of what subjects and predicates are.

Obviously, I'm the sort of que duck that likes to discover even suc obscure labels as *phrasal verb* and *a verbial particle*, so maybe I'm just preju diced. Maybe all the while that I'm a guing the advantages of knowing th names of our linguistic tools, the fact that labeling really blisses me out.

"Go!"

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EDUCATION NOW

Brouhaha over Competency Testing

by Gene I. Maeroff

A move toward "competency based" education seems to be gaining impetus in many parts of the country. Is this move an efficient means of assuring educational accountability?

Barbara A. Hayes
Berwyn, Pa.

THE MINIMUM COMPETENCY movement is a national response to concern about a supposed decline in standards in the nation's schools. When young people who are high school graduates have trouble reading an assignment in college, balancing a checkbook, or filling out a job application, questions about the quality of their education are bound to be raised. Thus the notion of setting certain basic levels of attainment for all students has gained wide appeal.

As the result of action by their legislatures or their state education departments, at least 33 states have adopted some kind of minimum competency requirements for earning a diploma or for promotion from one grade to another. Individual school districts around the country have instituted these programs. All of this is linked to the so-called back-to-basics movement, which is merely another way of saying that youngsters should be competent in the fundamentals.

Yet much of what has taken place under the rubric of minimum competency has tended toward the simplistic. "There has been little, if any, previous in-depth review of how to go about such testing or [of] what happens when testing occurs," says the Education Commission of the States about minimum competency examinations.

In the rush to jump on the minimum competency bandwagon, many vital questions about the movement have been left unanswered. What competencies should be measured? What kinds of tests should be used? At what points in a child's education should the tests be administered? Should there be one set of standards for all students, regardless of whether they want to go to Harvard or to become auto mechanics? How high should the minimums be set? Should teachers be held responsible if their students are unsuccessful? What should be done with students who fail?

The competencies tested are generally academic skills and life skills. The academic skills—basic mathematics, vocabulary, and spelling, for example—are usually tested at about the seventh-grade level. Tests measuring life skills involve such exercises as studying a map and figuring out directions or selecting a meal from a menu and adding up its cost.

It has been established as unfair for schools to wait until students are ready to graduate before giving them the tests. Competency examinations for high school diplomas are therefore usually administered in the ninth grade so that students can discover their weaknesses in time to do something about them. But since the tests do not include high school level work, some critics fear that minimums could become maximums.

A pilot version of a proposed minimum competency test for high school graduation in New York State, for instance, includes the following question: "Which is the longest measurement? (1) 5 feet; (2) 2 feet; (3) 24 inches; (4) 2 yards."

Is this the sort of knowledge that a high school graduate should be tested on? On the other hand, can society seriously entertain the idea of granting a diploma to someone who does not know the answer to such a question?

The matter of how difficult to make the tests is perhaps at the heart of the controversy. It is a consideration fraught with political and racial overtones. All indications are that the harder the tests, the more failures there will be among students from lower-class families, who tend to do worse than middle- and upper-class students on tests of all kinds. In Florida, more than 40 percent of its eleventh graders could not pass a mathematics proficiency test last year; black parents in that state attacked the examination as discriminatory.

Moreover, no one has quite figured out what to do with the students who cannot meet minimum competency requirements. How many incorrect answers should students be permitted? How many chances should students have to take the tests? Should there be an age limit? Most authorities maintain that the school systems owe students who fail a chance at remediation. But remedial work costs money, and where will the nation's financially struggling schools find the extra dollars?

Any school district that decides to get serious about minimum competency, especially in the big cities, could fail students in droves. But what will happen in a state like California, where each school system is free to set its own standards of minimum competency? One can almost conjure up visions of a modern generation of academic Okies, families moving from school district to school district in search of a minimum competency test that their children can pass.

Maybe it is about time that parents began thinking about holding schools and teachers responsible for the education of their children. What is being palmed off as minimum competency looks almost like a public relations gambit to get everyone but the students off the hook. It is always the children who are supposed to bear the burden of failure. ◉

Gene I. Maeroff is the national education correspondent for The New York Times.

"Dad, what's collective bargaining?"

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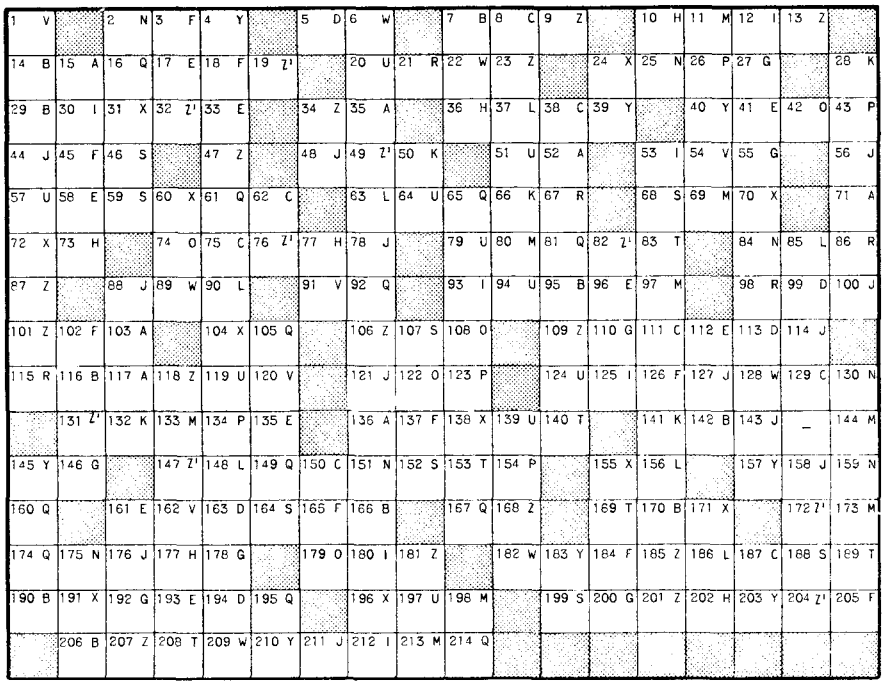
Number 151

by Thomas H. Middleton



Instructions:

If you've never solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer only a few of the WORDS correctly, you're on your way to solving the puzzle. Fill in the numbered blanks of all the WORDS you can guess and write the letter of each numbered blank in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed in the upper-right-hand corners of the squares indicate from what WORD a particular square's letter comes.

The diagram, when filled in, should read as a quotation from a published work. The dark squares are the spaces between words. If there is no dark square at the end of a line, a word may carry over to the line below.

The first letter of each WORD, reading down, will spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

You should find yourself seeing words and phrases taking form in the diagram; so you can work back and forth, from WORDS to diagram and from diagram to WORDS, until the diagram is filled in.

Answer to ***Double-Crostic No. 150*** appears on page 22.

CLUES — WORDS

A. Assuages; mollifies
15 35 52 71 103 117 136

B. Makes tracks, highballs, barrels (2 wds.)
170 190 7 95 116 142 166 206 14 29

C. Catches, nets
38 62 111 129 150 8 75 187

D. Irish novelist and songwriter (1797–1868; *Handy Andy*)
194 5 99 113 163

E. Whomps, larrups, drubs
41 58 112 193 17 33 96 135 161

F. One of the seven hills on which Rome was built
165 205 184 102 126 137 3 18 45

G. Capital of Cameroon
178 192 200 110 146 27 55

H. Chest in which to stow things
10 36 77 202 73 177

I. About to get some hard knocks (3 wds.)
212 12 93 125 180 30 53

J. Winded (3 wds.)
56 78 88 114 121 143 127 48 211
100 158 176 44

K. Tipsters
50 66 132 141 28

L. "Neither do men put ___ into old bottles" (2 wds.; Matt. 9:17)
37 90 148 63 85 156 186

M. 1949 film musical with Gene Kelly and Frank Sinatra (3 wds.)
11 69 80 97 133 144 173 198 213

N. Political leader (1726–90) active in Massachusetts for whom a Maine college was named
2 25 84 130 151 159 175

CLUES — WORDS

O. Sorcery of Africa and the West Indies, for example
42 74 108 179 122

P. "Manna and ___, in argosy transferr'd" (Keats, "Eve of St. Agnes")
134 26 43 123 154

Q. 1932 James T. Farrell novel (2 wds.)
195 61 174 92 214 16 149 160 167
65 81 105

R. Seaport in western Ecuador
115 21 67 86 98

S. February birthstone
68 152 164 188 107 199 46 59

T. 1953 musical whose music was based on themes by Borodin
140 189 83 208 153 169

U. Caustic
197 79 124 119 64 20 51 57 94 139

V. *Young, weaned pig*
120 54 91 1 162

W. "One caught a ___, the other caught a mouse" (Lear, "The Two Old Bachelors")
209 182 6 128 22 89

X. Handbook, manual
171 196 31 72 60 24 104 70 138
155 191

Y. Type of window
40 145 39 210 157 203 183 4

Z. Suffers severe tribulation (3 wds.)
201 207 168 109 34 87 181 13 47
185 101 118 23 9 106

Z¹. Standard of measurement or of judgment
82 76 204 19 131 147 49 172 32

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THE BACK DOOR

Will's Ways

THIS IS A COLUMN of opinions about columns of opinion.

Twelve hundred words—the most that will fit on one magazine page or that are welcomed by the editors of newspapers' op-ed (opposite editorial) pages—are not enough in which to develop profound theses or to tell subtle stories. For that reason, the task of periodically producing them is generally shunned by profound or subtle writers and performed instead by persons with uncomplicated thoughts and forthright styles. Frequently, these persons are former reporters who fill their columns with reporting, except on those ecstatic, newsless occasions, like Christmas or the Fourth of July, when they embarrass their readers with musings on life's mysteriousness. If it is true that great art strains against its formal limitations, then artists these columnists ain't. They discover a workable formula and stick to it. When some book publisher collects their biennial "bests," the results are numbingly repetitive. Art endures; opinions do not.

George F. Will, a contributing editor of *Newsweek* and the author of a widely syndicated column, is a writer of a different breed. The columns collected in *The Pursuit of Happiness and Other Sobering Thoughts* (Harper & Row, $10.95) read as well after the heat of events as during. Sometimes better.

In his regular post on the opinion pages of newspapers, Will can seem willfully opaque. The newspaper-reading frame of mind craves simple thoughts in simple sentences: The clearer an opinion—the more easily grasped—the better. Columns that avoid simple, clear pronouncements about an issue or, worse, that fail to come down assuredly on *either* side of some fence slow one up and cause unwelcome confusion. One wants to absorb news copy, not wrestle with it.

Will shows no sympathy for these cravings. He does not even deign to lead the reader up to the difficult thoughts by way of the simpler. He begins: "One of Cromwell's Parliaments proposed burning all state records so that, having effaced all official memory of the past, life could begin afresh. Disavowal of antecedents is the quintessential revolutionary act, as Napoleon, too, understood." If the reader can't stand the heat of cerebration, there's no reason to lure him into the kitchen.

Will's constant themes are self-discipline, natural limitations, accuracy of speech, respect for tradition, and skepticism about human perfectibility. He distrusts government and despises politicians who spout impossible promises (i.e. most). An admirer of reticence, he finds gratuitous self-revelation distasteful, particularly Betty Ford's. He would have one perceive him as a misanthrope, an owlish, cranky relic of some simpler era. His work reveals him as a decent, gentle, companionable man, aware of the complexity of events and pained by the pain of others.

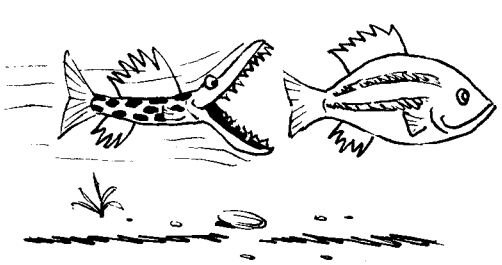
What distinguishes Will, though, is less his stance—which differs from that of many conservatives only in its degree of sophistication—than his style. Will has *a sense of humor*! Not only does he not take public figures seriously when they utter "rubbish, stuff, and nonsense"—three of Will's favored nouns—he makes them *look* like buffoons. Of Franco: "Never has a man been so enigmatic while having so little to be enigmatic about." Of Jerry Brown: "His office even bragged about spurning such offerings as a copy of *Peter Rabbit* in Latin. Three years at a Jesuit seminary should have equipped Brow to recognize the sin of pride in feelin so virtuous about forgoing so little."

To those earnest Americans wh think that humor is incompatible wit seriousness and should be confined t "humorous" (read: ignorable) column Will's irony may seem like roistering i the cathedral. Is he or is he not *seriou* To Will, "a sense of humor is a savin grace. It saves people from the sin pride because 'humor involves a sens of proportion and power of seein yourself from the outside.' The absenc of this saving grace is bad for the sou And the absence of it in a politician ca be a public nuisance, or worse."

A second gift of Will's is his erud tion. After reading Will awhile, on ceases to be surprised by a piece o Patty Hearst that cites Arthur Koestle G. B. Shaw, Bertrand Russell, Ma Beerbohm, and St. John's Gospel, a aptly. At a time when old knowledge presumed dead, when consumer edu cation is supplanting history instru tion (as happened at a public school i Illinois), Will's treasure-house of learn ing might seem—like an attic of ol swords—more a liability than strength. But history, like humo places the silliness and splendor of th present in perspective, reminds us th just as we are not the first, we are u likely to be the last. Will should be ab to identify the pundit (with whom agree but can't trace) who wrote th the next best thing to writing a goc sentence is to quote it well.

Will's third distinctive gift is that h loves language, plays with it, struggl to make it accurate, agreeable, an fresh. High on his list of heroes is "th grammarian whose last words were: am about to—or I am going to—di either expression is correct.' " H groans (articulately) over how bu reaucrats and hucksters concoct blath and maul meanings. "Protective rea tion strikes," "fishamagigs," "self-rea ization," are just a few of the fuzz formulations that contribute to the d basement of language and increase i usefulness "for deviousness."

Accurate diagnoses assist us in th search for correct prescriptions. Th Will chooses to devote his considerab talents to the writing of periodical com mentary honors his subjects and h craft. That his column is widely rea honors us all. —CARLL TUCKI



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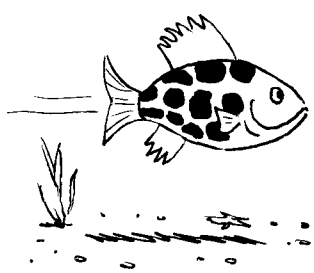

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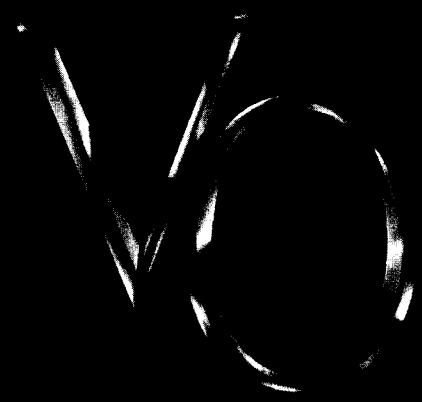

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